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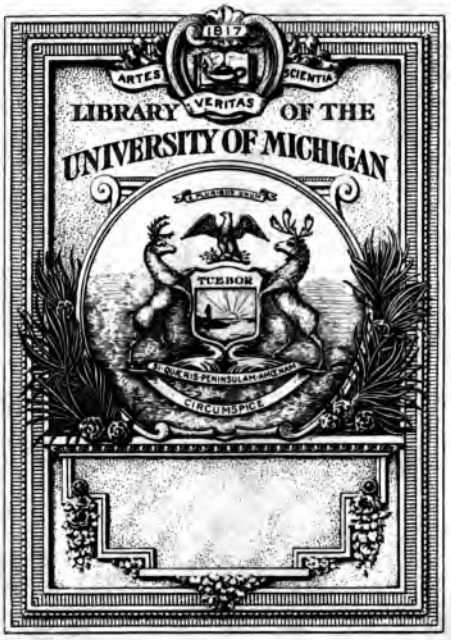
WILL POWER.

MEMORIAL EDITION.



THE GIFT OF
Prof. George A. Morley

611
.F76
1891

J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M D., EDIN.

THE WILL POWER:

ITS RANGE IN ACTION.

BY

J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAINTENANCE OF HEALTH" AND "ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY FOR SCHOOLS."

MEMORIAL EDITION.

CLEVELAND AND CINCINNATI:

P. W. GARFIELD.

1891.

TO

STEPHEN OLDING, ESQ.,

THIS WORK IS

APPROPRIATELY AND RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

"The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything in this world: and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it."—FOWELL BUXTON.

THE WILL POWER.

"Where there is a will there is a way."

Gift
Professor George A. Morley
6-8-1932

MEMOIR

OF

JOHN MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D., EDIN.

John Milner Fothergill was born on April 11, 1841, in the Westmoreland village of Morland, where his father was engaged in the practice of medicine.

The Fothergills and his mother's family, the Milners, were among the old "statesman" families of Ravenstondale, on the Yorkshire border, and both have contributed notable men to medicine and the Church; among these have been Dr. John Fothergill, F. R. S., a well-known London physician of the last century, and Dr. Anthony Fothergill of Bath, who was not only a physician, but a poet, and whose name is perpetuated by the Fothergillian gold medal of the Medical Society of London. His mother's family had produced a Dean of Carlisle, Joseph Milner, the Church historian, and the Rev. Richard Burn, D. D., best known as the author of *Burn's Justice*, which is, or used to be, the *vade mecum* of county magistrates.

Young Fothergill was early destined for the Church, but his own inclination towards the medical profession was

confirmed by the advancement of his father's cousin, Sir John Hall, to be surgeon-general of the forces in the Crimea. He was accordingly apprenticed to his father, who is described as a well-read, sound, common-sense country practitioner. When the period of apprenticeship was over, the son went to the Edinburgh Medical School, and in due course obtained the degree of M.D. from the Edinburgh University in 1865, as well as the licences of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians.

Somewhat against his inclination, he then returned to his native village to assist his father, whose health was failing, and spent the next four years in the hard work of a country practice. He made good use of his time, reading extensively, and maturing those habits of thought which afterwards brought him a wide reputation. In 1869 he obtained the post of senior resident medical officer of the Leeds Dispensary, and so well employed his opportunities that, in 1870, he won the Hastings gold medal of the British Medical Association with an essay on "Digitalis; its Mode of Action and its Use."

Encouraged by this success, he determined to make a special study of cardiac disease, and as a first step went to Vienna to work under Professor Rokitansky in the Pathological Institute. He afterwards visited Berlin, to attend the practice of Professor Traube, and returned to England in 1872, with the manuscript of his first book, '*The Heart and its Diseases, with their Treatment*,' in his portmanteau.

Even the first edition of this work was a remarkable book, and quickly gained a considerable circulation, being

much helped by the easy and graphic style which the author already showed himself to possess. The subject was dealt with in a thoroughly practical way, and a prominence then unusual was given to the influence of Bright's disease, and various nutritional views on diseases of the heart. A second edition was issued in 1879, and few systematic works by an English physician not connected with a teaching school have been so widely read.

Dr. Fothergill settled in London in 1872, and became a member of the Royal College of Physicians; shortly afterwards he was elected assistant physician to the West London Hospital, a post which he held for ten years, and subsequently to the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest. For some years before his death he had been full physician to the last-named hospital. In 1876 he published '*The Practitioner's Handbook of Treatment, or the Principles of Therapeutics*,' which was very successful and materially extended his reputation, especially in America. For many years Dr. Fothergill wrote to the *Philadelphia Medical Times* a monthly letter, which was never dull, and was often not only interesting and amusing, but instructive. In this way he became well known on the other side of the Atlantic, and some of his most recent works have been written for American publishers. For his essay on the "Antagonism of Therapeutic Agents, and What it Teaches," founded upon many original investigations of his own, Dr. Fothergill received the Fothergillian prize of the Medical Society of London in 1878. From this time his pen was always kept active, and the number of his published works and papers during the last fifteen years of his life is a rare proof

of the enthusiasm and fertility of his mind. His health, which for many years had been insecure, was especially so of late. He had suffered from glycosuria for several years, and at times, particularly towards the end of last year, he suffered severely from gout.

He was married in 1880 to the daughter of the late Mr. Hammersley of Leeds, and died on the twenty-eighth of June, 1888, leaving a widow, but no children.

Dr. Fothergill was known to a large circle personally, but to a still wider circle by his writings. His physique and his powerfully marked mental characteristics would have made him a striking figure in any walk of life, and he certainly succeeded in realizing what he used to say every man should do, viz., to leave behind a strong impress of a distinct individuality. Gifted, in spite of his ponderous bulk, with an immense power of work and an indomitable energy, one can nevertheless admire the way in which he bravely struggled against difficulties, many of them connected with his own health. In his profession he exhibited great natural skill in interpreting the indications for treatment of disease, and in many cases of difficulty he would clear up the lines of treatment with a hand that was felt to be masterly. This may be well seen in his work on '*The Heart and its Diseases*,' and in '*The Practitioner's Handbook of Treatment*,' both of which have been extensively read. Dr. Fothergill did excellent service in frequently declaiming against the tendency to employ the stethoscope and other instruments of precision in the search after physical signs, to the neglect of the study of the rational symptoms of disease; and he con-

stantly warned students and young practitioners against attending to pathological and histological minutæ, to the exclusion of broader views. Throughout his writings there is to be found much shrewd and practical advice to students, to an extent that is noteworthy in the case of one who was not actually engaged in medical tuition. Physiology was a branch of study which Dr. Fothergill cultivated and employed in all that he published, as will be seen particularly in his book entitled the '*The Physiological Factor in Diagnosis*,' which is full of racy reading. Nor did he ever tire of pointing out, in a very forcible manner, how surely physiological inquiries guide us in the right direction in our therapeutics, and "light up areas never to be successfully illumined by empiricism." Some of his more recent labors were devoted to the application of physiology to the study of nutrition in disease, such as the foods suitable for the gastric disturbances of phthisis; the search after preparations suitable for those who lack fat, and yet loathe cod-liver oil, and the diabetics of gout. Gout was a subject to which Dr. Fothergill latterly devoted himself extensively and on which he wrote largely.

A complete list of the published works and papers of this voluminous writer would be a long one, but his last books may be mentioned—'*The Will Power; Its Range and Action*', a work fully as interesting to the non-professional man as to the physician, has had a constantly increasing sale; and '*Vaso-renal Change versus Bright's Disease*,' completed in 1887. Shortly before his fatal illness he was preparing for publication a paper on kidney disease in phthisis, believing that old nephritis often casts

the balance when phthisis puts in an appearance. The announcement of Dr. Fothergill's death was received with sorrow, both in England and America. Dr. Fothergill by no means feared criticism; indeed, he seemed almost to enjoy the giving and receiving "great swashing blows," the atmosphere of combat bringing out his best energies and stirring his North-country blood. In such wordy combats he had this advantage, that people always read what he wrote because of the racy style in which it was written. This strongly marked character and many sterling qualities-converted into friends the acquaintances who were attracted by his remarkable qualities as a *raconteur* and talker, and by them he will be long and deeply mourned.

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THE WILL.

CHAPTER I.

THE WILL.

THIS is not a metaphysical enquiry, but a practical book; a book which it is hoped will be found useful by many,—especially those entering the battle of life.

What the will is is a matter upon which metaphysicians have not yet been able to make up their minds, after all the attention bestowed on the subject; and when they have come to some conclusion, either of agreement or fixity of disagreement, the result will have no practical value. "She has a will, she has!" the mother or nurse will say of some child then, just as they have done, and do now, and will do after the learned word-weighers have arrived at their decision. Will is one of the "little men who stand behind us," mind, soul, spirit, will, intangible somethings, revealed to us,—how? We say he has a "right mind" of a man, like the late Dean Stanley; we speak of an "ardent soul," like the late Charles Kingsley; or he is "a man

of spirit," like the late Lord Palmerston, or "a man of resolute will," like Prince Bismarck. But beyond this we speak of "a comprehensive intellect," as in the case of the late Count Cavour. We know these "little men" in a familiar way; but we can no more define them than we can put them up in Canada balsam, and inspect them at our leisure under the lens of the microscope. Yet we never hesitate to use the words, nor is there any difficulty about their being comprehended by others. When each word falls on the ear, it has not either an unknown or a doubtful sound. A man may possess a sound mind, be a good soul, in both senses, be of a loving spirit, and yet not be remarkable for will-power. Like Mr. Brooke in 'Middlemarch,' he may be poured into any mould and keep shape in none.

A man may be possessed of much ability and yet be a practical failure, because he is irresolute, or lacking in will-power. On the other hand, a man may have but moderate abilities, and yet attain great success because he possesses a firm will. George Eliot has brought out this contrast of character in bold outline, in the difference between Tom Tulliver and his sister Maggie in 'The Mill on the Floss.' Tom is certainly narrow, as destitute of imagination as ever a Dodson could be, but he is inflexible. Maggie has warm sympathies, an active imagination, intellectual capacity; but she lacks will.

It may be impossible to define this will; but we understand what we mean by it when we speak of its presence, or its absence. When it becomes excessive, we speak of "wilful;" and no better illustration could be had than that of George III., of glorious memory, of whom Landor said savagely, "he was the least mischievous when he was the most incapable." Another of our monarchs furnishes an illustration of an opposite condition—"Ethelred, the Unready," where the lack of will left him unprepared for emergencies. In George III. we see the same hard, unyielding obstinacy as was exhibited in the character of George I. Argument fell dead upon these two men; they went their own way, yet neither were men of capacity! Whether in combination with great talent or mediocre ability, it is the presence of what we call "will" which endows the individual with "character." "Character" by no means involves originality; though when that is also present we speak of the individual as a "great character;" a matter quite different from a "character" on the stage, or the "character" of a Scotch village crowd. It is scarcely possible for a man to be a really great man, possessing influence over those around him (who are *not* in his power) without a large share of what we designate "will."

One family will have no striking characteristics, yet

always be respected for their decision of character: while another family will have more talent, yet be without influence upon anybody. We value the opinion of one man, and are ready to ask him for it; while another has perhaps more mere intellectual ability, but no one ever dreams of consulting him on any serious subject. One man uses a series of arguments which affect us little, we practically pay no heed to them: while the very same arguments from another convince us. We yield to one, but will have none of the other. It is the will which enables one man to carry out what the intellect devises. "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel," said Jacob of his first-born: because it appears he had given away weakly to a passion for Bilhah. There are a great many young men who, like Reuben, go astray because they cannot master an impulse, and fling away the past and future at the imperative bidding of the present. There is no permanent excellence in those who lack that will, which constitutes self-control in the hour of temptation. Those who yield are lost; and the yielding is a crucial test of character: though temporary yielding to temptation for the time is found with some strong natures. A man may sin as David did, and repent of it in sackcloth and ashes. But David was an exceedingly complex character, in which good and bad were strangely blended and intermingled: he is

stained with the foulest crimes, and yet was "a man after God's own heart,"—not only when Samuel rebuked Saul and told him his kingdom would pass from him, but also when the Lord spoke to Ahijah (more than a century later) of "My servant David who kept my commandments and followed me with all his heart." But the yielding to temptation, even when carried out under the supervision of the intellect, and controlled by prudence, is a dangerous experiment: an attempt to quaff the cup of pleasure without tasting the dregs. David tasted the dregs, and they were extremely bitter! Depend upon it his repentance was real. And a bitter repentance may yet save a man, evidently, even when he has sinned grievously. The whole story of the Hebrew king is an instructive lesson to those who plan to do evil, and yet hope to evade its unpleasant consequences. This is the moral aspect of will. A man may walk warily along the path of sin, and do evil by design, and apparently be successful; but few reasoning people would care to make the experiment. As a rule we lapse into sin from lack of self-control; we do not walk into it deliberately with our eyes open to what is being done. "He is a brand that will not be plucked from the burning," applies but to a small proportion of us.

A man or woman may be wilful or headstrong, because there is a lack of proportion betwixt the impulses

and the controlling powers, as a horse usually quiet may run away because he finds a feeble coachman behind him. But there is a difference between this being full of will, and mere wilfulness. Napoleon Bonaparte was a man full of will; and so was Pitt, who opposed him; and the Duke of Wellington, who beat his marshals one after another, ending with worsting "the man of destiny" himself. Wilfulness is seen most conspicuously in the spoiled child. There is something almost majestic about the one; there is something contemptibly small about the other. It is well to possess a fair proportion of will; but it depends upon what proportion it bears to other qualities whether a large development of it is to be regarded as a blessing or a curse. If there be a large development of will in the character, it is well that there be a fair proportion of other strong qualities, else the man is but a headstrong fool. All the Angevin rulers were men of character, from Black Fulk downwards; but it was in John that the evil elements most predominated. His determination to get his own ends at any cost, dragged him through the slough of the deepest debasement and degradation. He would have his own way by fair means or foul. And the foul means to which he resorted led to the Magna Charta; so that his wickedness ultimately led to good.

"I have said it, and I will do it!" is admirable when a man keeps his word under circumstances creditable to him; but when the spoken word is utilized to excuse and justify a headstrong career, it is a misuse—not a use of determination. It is well to show determination of character in the small things, as well as the great matters of life; but because a career has been determined upon, and is an undesirable one, it is but an aggravation of the offence to plead, "I have made up my mind and cannot swerve from the path I have chosen." Heathcliffe in 'Wuthering Heights,' "never once swerving from his arrow-straight course to perdition," as Charlotte Bronté puts it in the preface, was an irreclaimable ruffian, masterful beyond everything. And a more repulsive character, even an imaginative young woman like Emily Bronté could scarcely conceive. It is quite clear that it is possible under certain circumstances to possess too much will. It is not well, indeed, to be "lop-sided" in any direction; otherwise, to lack balance.

When there is a high development of will-power along with a corresponding development of other qualities, especially a superiority to the fear of death, then comes the ideal hero of romance, the man who can command everyone. The leaders of mercenaries in the middle ages were men of this type, as the Sforzas, even though

sunk deeply in the vices of their time. Perhaps no exhibition of heroism was ever more remarkable than when Hugo, Bishop of Lincoln, bearded Richard Cœur de Lion, in the church of Roche d' Andeli. In pursuit of war in Normandy, Richard demanded more supplies from his barons, and the bishop refused to supply any men; the see of Lincoln was bound to military service he admitted, but only within the four seas of Britain. Richard was not a man to be lightly crossed, and Hugo was summoned to Normandy. So enraged was the king with the spiritual peer that when he presented himself in Normandy to answer the charge against him, two friendly barons met him to urge upon him the necessity for sending a conciliatory message to the king before entering his presence. The bishop declined the advice. The king was sitting at mass when the prelate walked up to him and, despite the monarch's frown, said, "Kiss me, my lord king." The king turned away his face. Hugo shook him, and repeated his request. "Thou hast not deserved it," growled the king fiercely. "I have," returned the prelate, and shook him all the harder. The king yielded, the kiss was given; and the bishop passed calmly on to take part in the service. Mere indifference to death could never have produced such a result. There was something more. As well as utterly fearless, Bishop Hugo possessed a will-power of most

unusual character, of which several instances are on record. Not only did he face the king and justify his refusal to supply men in the council chamber afterwards; but he went further, and rebuked him for infidelity to his queen. "The Lion was tamed for the moment. The king acknowledged nothing, but restrained his passion, observing afterwards, 'If all bishops were like my lord of Lincoln, not a prince among us could lift his head among them.'" Such is the story as told by Froude. Yet Richard was the last man to permit a liberty to be taken with him, as his whole history showed. Hugo was such a remarkable illustration of what high will-power can do, that another story may be related of him. King Henry Plantagenet had made Hugo Bishop of Lincoln; yet shortly afterwards, on preferring a request for a prebendal stall for a courtier, his request was refused. Hugo had already braved his wrath once, and the king, despite the episode of Thomas à Becket, was savagely angry. Henry was with his suite in Woodstock Park, and sat down on the ground pretending to be mending his glove when the bishop approached him. The king took no notice of his spiritual peer. After a brief pause Hugo, pushing aside an earl, sat down by the king's side. Watching the royal proceedings he remarked—"Your Highness reminds me of your cousins at Falaise." Falaise was famous for its leather work,

and it was at Falaise Duke Robert met Arlotta, the tanner's daughter, the mother of William the Conqueror. This reference to his ancestry was too much for the king, who was utterly worsted in the discussion which followed.

A similar character is presented to us at the present day in General Gordon. It was not his absolute indifference about his life which gained him his ascendency. In China where life is held to be of little or no moment, the absence of any fear of death would go little way, and did not constitute the basis of Chinese Gordon's ascendency; his secret lay elsewhere. Nor did his supremacy in the Soudan rest upon his bravery; for the Arabs of the Soudan are as brave as any warriors in the world, as our recent contests there testify. When Gordon took a chair and sate himself down by King John of Abyssinia, or presented himself alone to the Arab sheiks who had sworn to take his life, it was not his disdain of death alone which carried him through both perils unharmed, or enabled him to hold Khartoum. Equally implicit confidence in the protection of heaven has not saved others when in peril. All the faith of Savonarola only led him to a horrible death amidst torturing flames. But without this indifference to their faith neither Bishop Hugo nor General Gordon could have come unscathed out of the terrible dangers they

deliberately chose to meet. Any fear of death certainly would emasculate any man under these circumstances. The will must be accompanied by personal courage when danger to life has to be encountered. The heroism of the Jesuits, who labored among the Red Indians early in the history of Canada, was sustained by their devotion, for many suffered terrible cruelties. But no one of them ever possessed in a higher degree that will-power which compels the obedience of others than did La Salle, the pioneer of the Mississippi. In George Washington we see a splendid illustration of that power which moulds other men, and compels them to follow its behests. His patient sagacity rested on the basis of his will-force.

A curious instance of the majestic power of will was furnished by the story of the relations of the late Benjamin Disraeli to the Conservative party in England. An alien, handicapped by his early avocations, at first the House refuse to listen to him. Yet irresistibly he rose step by step to be a Conservative leader who "educated" his party; and at last was prime minister with a solid array of the best bred Norman-descended patricians of England at his back, yielding ready obedience to his wishes; a leader of men—men, too, deeply imbued with traditions: and also the personal friend of his sovereign. Here what is meant by the words,

"By faith ye shall move mountains," was illustrated vividly.

The house of Orange has furnished some striking examples of the effect of the will. William the Silent held his followers together by an iron will that bent under no catastrophe, no disaster. It refused to submit. A like character was that of William, afterwards king of England. Men who disliked him did his bidding. He inspired the dispirited allies with his own resoluteness. When his schemes were foiled by a defeat, he immediately set to work to repair his losses, and deprive the French of the fruit of their victory. That the house of Orange possessed some grand characteristics will be readily admitted; but no one of their endowments is more remarkable than their power of will. The peculiar commanding power of leaders, no matter whether regular like John Churchill; or that of a guerilla chief like Mina, in the Peninsula war of Spain; of the Red Indian Pontiac, who imperiled the existence of Anglo-Saxons on the American continent; or even of the negro commander Toussaint l'Ouverture, seems not to depend on ability only: but upon character in which the will-force is a leading factor. Men with marked will-power come to the front in emergencies, as seen in Oliver Cromwell, the fen grazier; and Napoleon Bonaparte, the artillery subaltern.

In both these instances national convulsions produced the seething caldron from whence they rose each, to an eminence of position and fame.

They were heavily handicapped by their early position, yet they rose superior to it. But amidst all these men there rises up a woman even more remarkable than they—La Pucelle, the village maiden, Joan of Arc, who inspired courage into the beaten warriors of France, and led them to victory. The result of which was that with the faith of the age, the English, when she ultimately fell into their power, burnt her as a witch. In what lay her witchcraft? In her capacity to animate others: which was really based on her will-power.

In the following chapters an attempt will be made to review the will in relation to other mental qualities and endowments, and to circumstance, in the belief that some valuable matter for the self-cultivation of youthful readers may be so furnished. In the experience of others,—in their self-culture, in their struggle with circumstance, we may find what may also be interesting to older readers, who can compare these with their own careers; and as being instructive to younger readers who have their way to fight. From the lives of others these last may see what to seek after, and what to avoid.

THE WILL IN RELATION TO THE INHERITED CHARACTER.

CHAPTER II.

THE WILL IN RELATION TO THE INHERITED CHARACTER.

THE inherited character of individuals varies with what are called "family traits." That is, one family will be known for its strict integrity, while another is notorious for a lack of truthfulness and is given to falsehood; again, a third is stubborn, while a fourth is vain, and a fifth vindictive. Whatever the complexion of the character, the family tint or hue is observable in it. The amount of will-power varies in the family as well as in the individual. In some families the family-character is strong, in others it is weak; and this shows itself more or less markedly in each and every individual member. In some families the leading characteristic is amiabilty, while others are blunt and rough in manner. Some families command. The Norman characteristics are distinctly visible in our upper classes to this day; while the blunt, unpolished ways of Cedric the Saxon are as equally vividly present in other families; as in

many of the statesmen of the North, for instance. It is not a matter of culture, or upbringing simply, nor of mere table-manners; but an essential departure in character, as marked as is the difference betwixt a stolid Suffolk peasant and the witty Irishman, albeit reared in a cabin. An observant soldier of position told me some time ago that the Norman characteristics were often to be found as distinct at the present day, contrasting with Saxon characteristics, as they were at the battle of Hastings. In mental attributes as much as in his appearance, he is a Norman; and reminds one most forcibly of the faces and figures of the old Normans as seen in extant sculptures. The offensive dash of attack of the Norman, and the unyielding defence of the Saxon, were, he said, to be noticed now. The national characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon is that when in contact with other races they must submit, or perish. He is the scourge of aborigines wherever he settles, from the time of the early Cymri down to that of the Maoriwars. The Celt under certain circumstances has outstood him; but the irreconcilable race-antagonism is shown in the recurrent struggles of the Irish to escape from, or cast off the Saxon yoke. The Anglo-Saxon is essentially masterful though worsted at Senlac; and some are "masterful above everything," as Felix Holt's mother said of him. When little Captain Miles Standish went

out to fight the Red Indian in the dark, he was a type of the Anglo-Saxon who claims to live where he pleases; and if the original occupiers of the soil resent his presence, then appeal to the sword becomes necessary: with what result to the aborigines, history tells us. The negro has served the Anglo-Saxon faithfully, and ever found in him a considerate master, and the two on these conditions have lived in peace without servile insurrections. The Maygar and the Slovacks live together as master and servant over the plains of Hungary: but the Slovacks have often rebelled against their masters. They present in this a totally different picture to that afforded by the slave states of the North American continent. Possibly the Maygar and the Slovacks are not so widely divided in intellect and character as are the Anglo-Saxon and his whilom black-skinned serf. Oddly, though the German is also the descendant of the persistent Teuton, and is of Gothic origin, yet there is a striking difference between the Anglo-Saxon and his German cousin. The Anglo-Saxon preserves his Norse traits and marked individuality everywhere and ever; while the German soon loses all evidences of being a "stranger within the gate," and is quickly lost among the people with whom he has cast in his lot. The Frisian, however, seems to resemble the Anglo-Saxon

was injured by a guild, a bishop or a heretic, a justice of the peace, or a serf crying for emancipation, Cromwell was the universal authority to whom all officials looked for instruction, and all sufferers looked for redress. Hated by all who had grown old in an earlier system; by the wealthy, whose interests were touched by his reforms; by the superstitious, whose prejudices he wounded; he was the defender of the weak, the defender of the poor, defender of the 'fatherless and forsaken:' and for his work the long maintenance of it has borne witness that it was good, that he did the thing which England's true interests required to be done. Of the manner in which the work was done it is less easy to speak. Fierce laws fiercely executed, an unflinching resolution which neither danger could daunt, nor saintly virtue move to mercy, a long list of solemn tragedies weigh upon his memory. He had taken upon himself a task beyond the ordinary strength of man. His difficulties could be overcome only by inflexible persistence in the course which he had marked out for himself and for the state; and he supported his weakness by determination which imitated the unbending fixity of a law of nature. He pursued an object, the excellence of which, as his mind saw it, transcended all other considerations—the freedom of England and the destruction of idolatry; and those who, from any destruction of idolatry; and

those who, from any motive, noble or base, pious or impious, crossed his path, he crushed and passed over their bodies." It remained to be seen whether his monarch could resist him. He did; because he too was a great man, and Henry the Eighth took off Thomas Cromwell's head. At a later day, a ruler quite as tyrannical as Henry, with the taint of the Guise blood in his veins, came into conflict with another Cromwell; and in that later struggle the monarch's head rolled off on a scaffold.

What say historians of Oliver Cromwell—not a lineal descendant of Thomas but of his nephew, the "golden" baronet of Hitchinbrooke—the conqueror of Marston Moor, of Dunbar, of Worcester; "the Lord of the Fens" first, and "the Protector of the Commonwealth" at a later day? Green, in his 'History of the English People,' says of him: "Never had the fame of an English ruler stood higher, but in the midst of his glory the hand of death was falling on the Protector. He had long been weary of his task. 'God knows,' he had burst out to parliament a year before, 'God knows I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, and to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than have undertaken the government.' Amidst the glories of his aims, Cromwell's heart was heavy with the sense of failure. Whatever dreams of personal ambition had mingled with his aim,

his aim had in the main been a high and unselfish one; in the course which seems to modern eyes so strange and complex, he had seen the leading of a divine hand that drew him from the sheepfolds to mould England into a people of God. . . . Like every soldier in his army, he held that, by the victories God had given them, He had 'so called them to look after the government of the land, and so entrusted them with the welfare of His people, that they were responsible for it, and might not in conscience stand still while anything was done which they thought was against the interest of the people of God. . . . The Puritan was master in the land. All government was in the hands of godly men. Piety was as needful for an officer in the army, for a magistrate, for a petty constable, as for a minister of religion. The aim of the Protector was that England should be ruled and administered by 'the best men,' by ruling and was no mere zealot. Strangely mingled with the enthusiasm of his temper was a cool, passionless faculty of seeing things as they actually were about him." Like his relative, when he saw a thing had to be done he did it without reference to the cruelty which might be entailed therein. There is a certain mercilessness in the purpose of both. The end was the justification of the means! Allanson Picton says of him: "The worth to mankind lay in his power to meet a great emergency of

revolutionary violence, in the frankness with which he accepted as the practical issue of the time a duel to the death between prerogative and self-government; in his capacity to inspire thousands with his own enthusiasm; in his predominant energy, which forced distracted parties to unity of action, in the prophetic fire that kindled into one flame the religious zeal, the patriotic fervor and the personal devotion of his followers. By such qualities alone, without aid of name or fame, he made of the Eastern Counties Association an impregnable stronghold for an otherwise desperate cause. By such qualities he made his armies of fighting saints a portent of sure destruction to his opponents. And then, armed with those weapons of his own creation, he manifested within himself exhaustless reserves of power, which left him without a rival in the final achievement of victory. . . . In that supreme position to which Cromwell as truly as devoutly declared that he did not call himself, but had been called by duty and Providence, he made his brief rule on the whole the richest in suggestions, and the most imposing in its combined strength and purity of all governments our land has yet seen. In his insistance on an integral union of the three kingdoms, he gave true interpretation for the first time in our history, to the decree of nature stamped on the physical relations of the British Isles. In his reconstitution of parliament and redis-

tribution of seats he anticipated, in some important points, the Reform Bill of 1832. In his impatience of the bewildering cost of Chancery proceedings, and his bold efforts and simplification, he was two hundred years—alas, we may say three hundred years!—before his time. In his pity for imprisoned debtors, and his practical measures for their relief, he made a substantial step towards the rational legislation of a still recent day. . . . Indeed, it was to the victories of peace, declared by his illustrious secretary to be no less renowned than those of war, that this true protector of British interests looked as his purest pride. War was to him a dread necessity, which none but mad men would face lightly, and none but prating fools would glorify as the chief end of man."

The likeness between the two Cromwells is striking. Their tremendous reach, their attention to detail, their administrative capacity, their ruthless pursuit of what they believed to be right, and, what is more to the special purpose here, their mastery over men, by dint of a resolute, almost omnipotent will, declare their kinship.

The latter portion of Froude's portraiture of Thomas Cromwell might indeed be read as a description of Oliver, so close is the resemblance. The two main points are the Protestant character of each in their conflict

with Church domination, with Roman Catholicism in the one case, with "the divine right of kings" in the other, supported by the Church; and their interest in the people and their welfare, high and low alike.

And what was the ecclesiastical tyranny against which the two Cromwells fought so strenuously? It was the fierce bigotry of the Roman Catholic Church. The matter of the Guises has just been glanced at a little before; it may claim some further consideration now in reference to the union of will with inherited qualities. James the Fifth of Scotland married Mary Guise. The bloody Guises were bigoted ultramontane Catholics—fierce, arbitrary, ruthless, cruel, false and faithless. Instinctively they hated the spirit of Protestantism. They were the embodiment of the aggressive spirit of the Romish Church of that day—the representatives of that remorseless empire of the Church which drenched Europe with blood. When Mary Guise landed in Scotland on June 16, 1538, Froude says of her: "Her person was a link which bound the country to France and the Papacy. Her character, at once fearless and cunning, passionately religious, and unembarrassed by moral scruples, qualified her in no common degree for the remarkable part she was to play." The description fits her renowned daughter as if made for her instead of her mother. A bigoted Catholic, Mary Stuart was at once

a passionate, amorous woman: an astute plotter, and as brave as an absolute contempt of death could make her. She possessed also the power of attaching to her intensely, men in whose breasts there existed no passion for her person; their attachment was not linked with love. Intrigue, scheming, conspiracy, love-making, and fighting, in prison and out of prison, formed her complex life. She would promise anything; but promise did not mean fulfillment to human beings with Guise blood in their veins, especially when made to a heretic Protestant. An unfulfilled promise bears a suspicious family resemblance to a lie; and unfulfilled promises and lies were alike part of the equipment of the Guises. Plot after plot against Elizabeth at last necessitated the removal of Mary's head. Not that Elizabeth thirsted for her blood; far from it. We may believe the story of Elizabeth's reluctance to sign the death warrant; can credit her passionate regret at the tragedy of Fotheringay. State reasons compelled Elizabeth's ministers to take the one, the only step, which could put a stop to Mary's plans, viz: taking her life. Whatever may have been Elizabeth's faults, "the taint of the Boleyn blood," she recked as little about death as Mary herself. But if she personally cared nothing for the assassin and conspirator, the nation and her ministers did. When death and defeat came at last, Mary met

both like a heroine. Yet even at the last she showed her character, her innate falseness. "She intended to produce a dramatic sensation, and she succeeded. The self-possession was faultless, the courage splendid. Never did any human being meet death more bravely; yet in the midst of the admiration and pity which cannot be refused her, it cannot be forgotten that she was leaving the world with a lie upon her lips. She was a bad woman, disguised in the livery of a martyr, and if in any sense at all she was suffering for her religion, it was because she had shown herself capable of those detestable crimes which in the sixteenth century appeared to be the proper fruits of it." The Guises knew how to die!

Her son James, though not a Catholic, was by nature opposed to Protestant instincts. He sought a marriage alliance for his son amidst those very Catholics against whom the English had fought so stoutly. He hated the Puritan spirit, and strove to rule Scotland by bishops. The Guise traits can be noted in him. His character was like a shot silk. A Protestant king, Guise elements lurked in his veins. He was not a genuine Calvinist!

In Charles the First, Guise characteristics showed boldly. His craving for unconstitutional power, his belief in the divine right of kings to rule as they please,

his steady, persistent contest to rule illegally and arbitrarily, drove his people into revolt. Even after his defeat, he strove to sow discord among his opponents to the utmost of his power. When his fortunes were waning he tried to pit the Scotch against the English parliamentary forces; he schemed to bring wild Irish kerns over into England. When a captive, he plotted and intrigued on all sides just like his grandmother. His falseness and his faithlessness at last procured for him his grandmother's fate—the block and the axe. He died as calmly, as regally as she did, with something of the same dramatic action. Why did Oliver Cromwell at last become convinced of the necessity for the king's death? "He changed because he found he might as well try to build a tower on a quicksand as to find any foundation for a lasting agreement in the weakness and faithlessness of the king." Because Charles, in other words, was at heart a Guise. In the kingly manner of his death "his long misgovernment, his innumerable perfidies, were forgotten." But historical research has revived the memory of the reason why he perished as he did. And he, too, knew how to die.

In James the Second the fateful inheritance of the Guise blood is manifested in its different and varied features. He was as brave in battle as any of his race, though a poltroon in his last days in England; full of

ardent Catholicism, he had his race's innate hatred of Protestantism; faithless and cruel he was as any Guise before him. The horrible cruelties of Judge Jeffreys in the west, after the failure of Monmouth's rebellion, remain in history as "the black assize." Once telling a victim that it was in his power to forgive him, James received for answer, "It is in your power, but it is not in your nature." James strove to restore the Roman Catholic religion in England, and was not at all scrupulous about the means he employed. Macaulay says of him: "If, on the other hand, James should attempt to promote the interest of his Church by violating the fundamental laws of his kingdom and the solemn promises which he had repeatedly made in the face of the whole world, it could hardly be doubted that the charges which it had been the fashion to bring against the Roman Catholic religion would be considered by all Protestants as fully established. For, if ever a Roman Catholic could be expected to keep faith with heretics, James might have been expected to keep faitn with the Anglican clergy. To them he owed his crown. But for their strenuous opposition to the Exclusion Bill, he would have been a banished man. He had repeatedly and emphatically acknowledged his obligations to them, and vowed to maintain them in all their legal rights. If he could not be bound with ties like these, it must be

evident that, where his superstitions were concerned, no tie of gratitude or honor could bind him."

We know what the end was. England cast him forth. The Guise-bred Stuarts could not impose their yoke on the free spirit of England, or trample it out. Dundee could not work a miracle; yet Sheriffmuir did not make a final end of the attempt. It was not till "the clans of Culloden were scattered in flight" that the essay made by Mary Guise and her confessor Beaton was ultimately suppressed and stamped out. But what a page has the struggle betwixt the Guise fanaticism and the Puritanism of Great Britain formed in the history of our country! And for that matter in New England too. The marriage of James the Fifth had indeed far-reaching consequences! But alike in the two Cromwells and these Guise-Stuarts, we see perpetually the fierce will-power possessed by each.

The possession of will, but in combination with a widely different grouping of other qualities, is manifested in our two great Indian rulers, Robert Clive and Warren Hastings. The first was a headstrong lad who was the leader of all the idle youngsters of his native place until at last his family got rid of him in the shape of a writership in the East India Company's service—to make a fortune or die of fever, as might fall out. But the existence of the British in India became threatened about

that time, and then Clive's qualities came to the fore and carried him to eminence. His power of command over others, which had made him the ringleader of his youthful schoolfellows, elevated him in later life to the position of a general who saved British India. Warren Hastings was a man otherwise of totally different character, who as a boy was fond of his book, and loved to hear of the wealth and power of his Cavalier ancestors and the forfeiture of their lands as the price of their loyalty. "One bright summer day, the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis. Here, as three score and ten years later he told the tale, rose in his mind a scheme which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned. He would recover the estate which had belonged to his fathers. He would be Hastings of Daylesford. His purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and as his fortunes rose. He pursued his plan with that calm and indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. When under a tropical sun he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all his cares of war, finance and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good

and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed forever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die."

It is a wonderful tale so briefly yet so vividly told by Macaulay. The British empire in India has furnished other curious instances of indomitable will. In Clive it was blended with a recklessness which led him to attempt his life in his first days in India, but the pistol snapped, so he laid it down; and, at last, he died by his own hand. In Hastings his whole life centered around a purpose formed in childhood, and from which he never swerved. It was in India Wellington gained his first laurels as a commander. Napoleon sneeringly called him "the Sepoy general;" but all the same the Sepoy general was too much for him when they did meet. From his invincible will, Wellington was spoken of as "the Iron Duke," and well he deserved the name.

The combination of will-power with the other mental endowments forms the character of the individual; and as regards success in life, the will is the first numeral. Its proportion may vary from one to nine, and the value of the whole sum varies accordingly. The other units are by comparison only of small value. It is the will which utilizes the other qualities. A person may have splendid endowments, but without the requisite admixture of will, these may all be in vain. It is the

will which gives determination and that perseverance which converts the potential into the accomplished.

The day has gone by when critical analysis of character is regarded as essentially hostile; or to investigate a character to involve "running down," a most odious term, indicative of malice. We are beginning, at the present time, to study character analytically; and to calculate its elements with the same keen judicial scrutiny that we examine a hand at whist, or the peculiarities of structure of natural objects. We look at each card and determine its value. See how many are trumps, and what they are; whether the trumps are well backed up by court cards, and then play accordingly. In the natural object we see how the structure bears on function in plant or animal. So with children. Parents sometimes consult the phrenologist as to a child's character, and what to put it to in the battle of life. This is getting a stranger to do imperfectly for them what they not only ought to be able to do for themselves, but even to do it a great deal better. The family mind is as distinctly notable as the family physique or constitution. Hence, parents should study their family traits and qualities: and further, should look into themselves; and not stop the inquisition if, and when, they come upon something they do not quite like. That factor has to be taken into consideration just as

much as the matters we are justly proud of. Self-introspection, which only recognizes the good points of ourselves, is imperfect and misleading. By such combined outward and inward observation, they would soon get the general outline of the character. Then careful scrutiny of the child would furnish its individual mental features. The amount of will would represent the trumps in the hand at whist; the other qualities are the rest. The play goes according to the cards. The child should be trained according to what it possesses. If it has little will-power, it may be well to place it where it can draw a salary or a stipend. If it has a strong will, giving perseverance and persistence, then it may safely be sent where its efforts will affect its own interests. The other qualities are not without value. Of what value are nice manners or a sympathetic nature to an accountant or a director of a company? These are of incalculable value, however, to a medical man or a clergyman.

The estimate of what it is potentially should determine the lot of each child—not, of course, that its future would always harmonize with the forecast, but there would be a strong probability in its favor, as compared to the present haphazard method of meeting the difficulty: one parent leaving the child to choose for itself, another deciding its lot without the slightest reference not to its wishes only but even as to its capacities.

Of course, so long as people will not make a study of character, and continue to regard such study as the pure outcome of malice solely, so long they will pursue the old tactics. Some suspend their self-introspection when they come across something not pleasant; that, it would appear, is just the precise point when it should be pushed resolutely. That, indeed, is the very thing it is most essential to thoroughly comprehend. We all have to live with ourselves, and it adds much to our comfort to be able to do so peacefully and on good terms. To know our weak points as well as our strong points is to prevent other people playing on our weaknesses; just as important a matter in life as to know our strong points, and how to make the most of them. If the bloody-minded Guise-Stuarts had practised such self-introspection—had formed a just estimate of themselves, on the one hand, and as carefully weighted the different elements in the English character, on the other —they would never have committed themselves to the struggle entered upon; they would have seen that defeat was inevitable. Old Vanderbilt, the New York financier, once gave this notable advice to his son: "Sonny, never sell what you have not got." He might have to pay a deal more for it in its acquisition than he had sold it for. So in determining how to place a child in life, he should never be handicapped too heavily, or

put to what he cannot do—what is beyond his power. The proportion of his will to his other qualities should always be carefully calculated, which will bear far more relation to the family traits than to any individualism. One family is high-principled, another of lax morals, a third lacks honesty, a fourth cannot bear responsibility, a fifth is thrifty, a sixth extravagant. "The apple never falls far from the tree." "As the old cock crows so the young one learns." "Breed is stronger than pasture." "What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." All these axioms are lights upon the subject. Both Napoleons were bad men; but Napoleon the First was a stupendous villain, "Napoleon the Little" was a self-made emperor, too, but after all he was only a disreputable scoundrel. With the Napoleons patriotism was nothing and ambition everything. With Oliver Cromwell and George Washington the case was reversed.

In further considering the relations of the will to the other qualities, the next most important unit is the amount of principle we will find.

THE WILL IN RELATION TO SELF-CULTURE.

CHAPTER III.

THE WILL IN RELATION TO SELF-CULTURE.

"I HAVE begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last; ay, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me;" so said Benjamin Disraeli to the House of Commons, when the members would not hear him speak. Derision was all he got for his maiden speech, but that did not daunt him; and the time came, sure enough, when the House not only listened to him, but even acknowledged his mastery over it. Disraeli had learned what many another man learns, that because he failed at first it did not follow that ultimate success was unattainable. Perseverance, industry, correction of faults of style, and the baffled speaker came to be able to hold the House spell-bound with his barbed shafts of rhetoric. He soon attacked fiercely Sir Robert Peel, who was an excellent speaker; and the pungency of his remarks taught the House to dread him—at whom they once had scoffed! It must have needed great resolution

to face the House of Commons again after that first terrible rebuff; but after the attempt had once more been made, the rest was comparatively easy.

But in order to command success, Disraeli had to toil. He saw where his faults lay and remedied them. A man who fails and will not see his errors, can never improve. If he remains satisfied that the fault lies entirely in others, no self-improvement will or can follow. He is stricken with "the devil's palsy of self-approbation," and will never achieve anything worth the doing. A man's education at school does not fit him for the fight of life, as it is too generally assumed; it is no more than a preliminary training to teach him how to work, how to battle with difficulties. The real knowledge required for the business of life comes after the school days are over. "I had such a bad education, you see; if I had had a better education, it would have been different," says many a man or woman. Be sure that person will die in insignificance! There is no power of "self-help" there. I question very much whether the loan of Smile's well-known book, 'Self-Help,' even would do any good in such a hopeless case. John Hunter, the famous anatomist, could barely read or write when he was twenty years of age. Stephenson, the engineer, taught himself to read after he had grown to be a man; so did Brindley. Drew grew up in ignorance, and when he began to edu-

cate himself he found "it appeared to be a thorny path, but I determined, nevertheless, to enter, and accordingly began to tread it." The difficulties of the task are readily apparent; the toil comes first, and the reward afterwards. It is like climbing a mountain to get the view from the top. The toil of the ascent stands out prominently; the view is long hidden from sight. A child works for some tangible end, to get to the top of the class or to gain a prize; but it usually has no wish to learn for the pleasure of the acquisition itself. It has no glimmerings that "knowledge is power;" nor can it conceive the delights of a well-stored mind. There are adult children in this respect. Having left school, instead of continuing their studies, they begin to forget what they learned there; their knowledge, such as it is, falls away piecemeal, until at last they reach a condition of intellectual nudity. They read the newspaper without ever opening an atlas; they talk about what they do not properly understand, and then are surprised that their opinions do not carry weight with them. They never tried to give their opinions any weight! No wonder they do not succeed when they never even make the essay. And yet they assert their equality with other people who have striven and earned by the sweat of their brow a claim to hold a valid opinion on many subjects. I once heard an observant lady-nurse say of

a medical man with whom she had to work upon one occasion, "He went in for the easiest examination he could find, and after he passed it, took good care he never learned anything more." Yet it seemed he lived on very comfortable terms with himself, and always gave his opinion on professional matters as one who had a right to speak—untroubled by diffidence.

No man has ever attained real eminence who did not toil; and for sustained toil a resolute will is essential. The person who is readily wearied can only be preserved from mediocrity by the possession of remarkable powers; and these last but few possess. "How much I could do if I tried!" is the pose of many persons, especially young persons, who think it is grand to be possessed of capacities, which are of little worth if not cultivated. What would be thought of a man who had a garden overgrown with weeds, and pointed to the luxuriance of their growth as an evidence of the excellent quality of the soil, adding, "See what it would grow if I cultivated it?" All would think him a fool; and yet many young persons pride themselves upon their mind-gardens being in a neglected state. Whatever may be the impression made on onlookers, as to the quality of the soil, it is clear that it would pay the owner much better to cultivate the garden than thus to leave it to run wild. The young person who wishes to be thought clever, to be

taken upon trust indeed, instead of proving the possession of ability by accomplishing something, is no good to himself or herself; and will certainly exercise no beneficial influence upon others, though maybe a pernicious one. Some young people give themselves a great many airs about what they are going to do in life; and take credit for the unaccomplished. Accomplished facts are hard coin; unrealized aspirations are promissory notes, which may never be cashed. To people who have worked and done something, these "promissory notes" do not represent cash, though the givers wish them to be accepted as such—in the estimation of others! Unrealized aspirations are not worth much; like doubtful bills, they would have to pay a tremendous discount for being cashed. Yet persons go about in the world on the strength of a little actually accomplished, and a great deal that is going to be done, and expect others to treat them as if the latter were actually performed. If a man goes about giving promissory notes (presuming others would accept them), he would soon be thought an impostor if he did not take them up. The young gentleman who claims a position on the strength of unrealized aspirations is an intellectual impostor. The claim founded on what is going to be is often as offensive as that sort of piety which, on the strength of the position

its owner is going to occupy in another world, gives itself airs in this.

"Genius is patience. What I am I have made myself," said Sir Humphrey Davy.

> "It is not every one who can command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius: we'll deserve it,"

Addison makes one of his characters say. "The best part of every man's education is that which he gives to himself," said Sir Walter Scott, who was regarded as a "stupid" at school. It is downright hard self-imposed work which makes the complete man. A boy can learn tasks, but to do that is not enough; when a man believes that knowledge is power, then he feels he can never have enough of it. That is the difference betwixt a mere clever boy and an industrious man. Gibbon knew what hard work meant; and his opinion is that "every person has two educations: one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he receives from himself." And every man, and woman, too, who has done anything in the world, knows that it is the after-school education of the individual which affects the end mainly. It is not the education which they have had from others, though of course that has its value; but the education which they have given themselves that has brought about the result, when

result is attained. Those who bewail the inefficient education they have had given them, usually have neglected the other personal education altogether, and to use a colloquial phrase, "stick in the mud" accordingly. But it is not likely they would comprehend, or credit the last if pointed out to them. A man may not have great abilities, but he can take pains if he chooses. He can use such talent as he has, and say with Jean Paul Richter: "I have made as much out of myself as could be made out of the stuff, and no man should require more." A man cannot give himself powers, that is true. But he can use what powers he does possess. "I am as clever as I can make myself," he may be able to say, and to say honestly. He cannot increase the talent given him; but is he always sure about the amount of talent possessed? He can only tell this by doing his best. Sometimes he begins to believe in time that he has really more talent than he once gave himself credit for, or than others credited him with. Youthful cleverness often ends in a mature mediocrity. Others, again, are "late pears," as Oliver Wendell Holmes happily expresses it. "And that leads me to say," he continued, "that men often remind me of pears in their way of coming to maturity. Some are ripe at twenty, like human jargonelles, and must be made the most of, for their day is soon over. Some come into their per-

fect condition late, like the autumn kinds, and they last better than the summer fruit; and some that, like the winter-nelis, have been hard and uninviting until all the rest have had their season, get their glow and perfume long after the winter frost and snow have done their worst with the orchards. Beware of rash criticisms; the rough, stringent fruit you condemn may be an autumn or a winter pear, and that which you picked up beneath the same bough in August may have been only its worm-eaten windfalls. Milton was a Saint-Germain with a graft of the roseate Early Catharine. Rich, juicy, lively, fragrant, russet-skinned old Chaucer was an Easter Beurre; the buds of a new summer were swelling when he ripened." If a young man of moderate abilities strove hard and long, he might have the agreeable surprise of finding that he was "a late pear;" and that his day of actual talent had come at last. A hard-headed north countryman, himself a "late pear," in speaking of himself, says, "I budded late!" But he wears well. Some families come to the full possession of their powers only when well on in life—they mature late; others furnish brilliant school prize-takers, who win college honors, after which they disappear, and are no more seen or heard of.

Steady, persistent application is the best means, often the only means, of finding out if there be any prospect

of the toiler being "a late pear." Certainly this labor enables him to use such talent as is in him. Young people are apt to sympathize with unsuccessful persons who by their own account were so clever, only the world used them badly. Youth, which has not made the essay, and age, which has made it and failed, are likely to be in more sympathy with each other than are the successful and the unsuccessful. Perhaps the successful have little sympathy with, or pity for, those who have not achieved success; from whatever reason. The unsuccessful person is often very specious; and youth is not experienced, and cannot discriminate where the secret of the failure lies. Perhaps this was because the social failure was only a fair-weather sailor, and when hard times came could not ride out the gale! What said John Hunter? "Is there one whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who *will* conquer? That kind of man never fails." The story of Richard Arkwright, the cotton spinner, is a most instructive one. He never went to school, and was apprenticed to a barber and wig-maker. Wig-making went out of fashion, and shaving alone was a poor affair. But Arkwright, while he shaved, toiled away at the idea of a spinning machine until he was in great poverty. Nevertheless he held on to his idea, and turned his mind to clock-making. At last he

got the invention patented, and after unending toil he perfected it, only to find the mob rise against him as the inventor of a labor-saving machine. Then the manufacturer turned against him, and would not buy his machines, after that using his invention but refusing to pay the patent-right. Nevertheless Arkwright persevered, and beat every combination against him. At fifty years of age he studied the English grammar in order to speak more correctly; became high sheriff for Derbyshire, and was knighted before he died. Nothing could stop him; but the difficulties he had to surmount would have been too great, too numerous, for a man of less resolute will.

These stories of perseverance rewarded at last, and only after long strain upon the determination, are specially valuable for the young at the present time. However it has come about, there is no denying the fact that there is at the present time abroad a spirit of wilful perfunctoriness. It extends from the lowest to the highest in the land. The trades-union prevents those of its members who could rise above mediocrity from attempting to do so. If one man does more work than his fair share, he is taking away work from others, it is argued. Our domestics stipulate for so much, and no more work being expected from them in return for their wages. In those above them the aim too often is to just do the

amount of work that will enable them to draw their pay. Mr. Banting's clerk, who, when remonstrated with for coming so late in the morning, explained that "if such was the case, he at least was the first to go," was spokesman for this class. It is a spirit which does not seem to be ashamed of itself. Perfunctory discharge of duty with punctiliousness as to rights is the dwarfing tendency abroad at present. It is a hopeless Islamic spirit, and can lead to no good result; except to necessary reaction in time. Generous readiness to work seems passing away; though it is certain that a reaction is not very far off, when the sharper youths will see how it will advantage themselves to toil willingly and freely. But in the meantime it is piteous to see men so afraid of work. The paltry pieces of idleness to which some persons will stoop seem too petty, too trifling, to be worth the studying. And when there is a team at work, if one pulls slack, another begins to think it is an example to be followed: if one does not do his best, why should another? The infection spreads until the whole team pull slack, and then the effect is apparent enough. The young man of the present day reminds me of a story told me of an omnibus horse. It was a Belgian, and took things easy. An Irish gentleman riding on the omnibus one day remarked to the driver, pointing to the horse: "He's an injanious baste, that!" The horse

was no favorite with the coachman, who gruffly asked "how he made that out?" "Sure," he explained, "I have watched him all the way from Holloway to Brompton, and he has followed his collar all the way and has nivver caught it onst, begorra!" These young people only "follow the collar;" they never throw their weight into it. On suggesting to an overworked man one day to get some help, he replied bitterly, "What is the good of getting a man? He will only see how late he can come, and how soon he can go, and how little he can do when at the office!" It is a matter for national regret that this enervating, emasculating doctrine is so widely accepted. The spirit of it is so Philistine, so detrimental and injurious to the holder's best interests. It is in direct antagonism to the precept, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And what follows? "For there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." The worst of it all is that it is so perilously easy to follow a bad example.

Men who have made their mark in the world are the men who never spared themselves; who have not only formed grand schemes, but who have labored at details. An error in a detail may at some time of emergency be fatal to a grand scheme. Watch a young Prussian subaltern drilling a few men. He gives his

whole mind to it. He is fully imbued with the consciousness that upon him and his handful of men at some critical moment great issues may depend. He knows the difference betwixt doing his work in a perfunctory manner and giving his mind to it—going into it heart and soul. "We cannot leap from our shadow;" and if he and his men habitually did their work in a careless, half-hearted way, the day might come when in an important emergency they might be on out-post duty, and their habitual remissness might then be fatal to them; and what is more, to their comrades, whose safety lies in their diligence. The habit of doing everything thoroughly is one well worth acquiring. "If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well!"

This class of wilful beings, determined not to do their best, are a more objectionable class than the procrastinators, who are tiresome enough, however. These never do to-day what can be put off till tomorrow. They mean well, but

> "There's a little mischief-making
> Elfin, who is ever nigh,
> Thwarting every undertaking,
> And his name is 'By-and-By.'"

Or they are always so occupied they can never find time for anything extra. "When I can find time I will do it," is a fatal sentence too often, for the time never

comes! That "time" has to be "made," and "it is only the busy men who can find time for anything," a lady once wrote me. The man or woman who has learned to work, to value time, always knows how to "make" time. What a wonderful triumph over circumstances it is when a man or woman can "make" time! They make time in finding time to do what is required. It is amusing, if it were not sad, to find men who have never achieved anything remarkable, complaining of not having time. Not having time is rarely pleaded by busy men, unless it be sometimes making very extensive demands upon their time. Perhaps the excuse of not having time with non-workers is true in the sense that though doing little, they do not know the value of working methodically; which if they did, would enable them to find time. But "not having time" is too frequently an excuse; and "an excuse is a guarded lie!" The man who pleads "no time" often sadly deceives himself. The excuse is a "guarded lie," and to himself, too, far more than any one else." "I have not had the time" is the common excuse of an indifferent feminine correspondent for not having answered a letter promptly; when all of the time of the delay she has had hard work to kill time, scarcely knowing what to do with herself, or how to get through the day, if it were

not for the numerous meals: always numerous in idle households!

This may all be an unflattering picture of an aspect of the present day which is not particularly attractive.

As a man succeeds in life he finds out his powers, if properly cultivated, which expand to meet the growing demands upon him. He finds himself readier of resource to meet a difficulty, readier to decide in an emergency; in fact, the fitter for his training to play a more conspicuous part in life's drama. His natural character becomes strengthened as it matures, and he is conscious of this waxing power. Having learned how to command himself, he is fit to command others; and not only that, but to set an example, which we know is "greater than precept." When he can point to himself as an example of well-won success, his precept will have tenfold weight. The advice of an unsuccessful man is rarely of much worth; for how can he communicate a secret to others which he has never found out for himself? Self-culture is its own reward, not only as to the realization of success in life, but also as to the inward self-communion. When a mind can revel amidst its own resources, it is always anxious to encourage others to toil, and to be able to enjoy the same exquisite pleasure. But the others do not experience these pleasures, and often cannot believe in their existence; their altruism

is insufficient to make them emulate them, or try to be able to do the same. They plod along the watercourse of habit, as it were, believing there is no other path, with a well-beaten highway not far off, because they will not make the effort requisite to mount the banks and gain it; and they do not make the effort because they do not and will not believe that the said highway exists. If they cannot be induced to believe what what others say, they can and will do nothing, for they possess no inward consciousness to guide them. It must necessarily be a matter of faith,—which they do not possess.

In reading about well known men, one interesting matter is their "self-help," their own education, and the evolution of their volitional dynamics, or will-power. It is curious to review the female influences to which they have been subjected, or to which they have chosen to submit themselves. The mother's influence and character seem to have been strong in Cromwell, Napoleon and George Washington; while the wife's influence with Cromwell and Washington does not seem to have been marked, though in Napoleon it was pre-eminent. Cromwell told his wife after Dunbar, "Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice." And from the context, it would seem, Mrs. Cromwell repined somewhat at his cool attitude toward her; though his

solicitude for "the two little wenches," his young daughters, testifies to the fact that his home-ties lay near his heart. In both the cases of Washington and Cromwell the mother saw the Divine guidance in her son's success. Of Joséphine Beauharnais something will be said shortly. As to the wife's influence upon another well renowned character, Macaulay tells us in reference to Sarah, wife of John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough: "Among the gallants who sued for her favor, Colonel Churchill, young, handsome, graceful, insinuating, eloquent and brave, obtained the preference. He must have been enamored indeed; for he had little property except the annuity which he had bought with the infamous wages bestowed on him by the Duchess of Cleveland; he was insatiable of riches, Sarah was poor; and a plain girl with a large fortune was proposed to him. His love, after a struggle, prevailed over his avarice; marriage only strengthened his passion; and, to the last hour of his life, Sarah enjoyed the pleasure and the distinction of being the one human being who was able to mislead that far-sighted and sure-footed judgment, who was fervently loved by that cold heart, and who was terribly feared by that intrepid spirit." But Sarah was evidently a woman of remarkable influence, or "will-power," and her rule over her husband is perhaps even less extraordinary than her command over

the hard, narrow nature of Queen Anne, as seen in that long correspondence between the two, where Anne was "Mrs. Morley" and Sarah "Mrs. Freeman."

Far different is the story of Napoleon Bonaparte and the beautiful Josephine, which is full of pathos. Josephine Beauharnais was a Creole and the widow of General Beauharnais, who died in consequence of suspicions on the part of Robespierre. Her son Eugene went to Napoleon, then General of the Interior, to ask for his father's sword. So struck was the young soldier of fortune, just beginning to rise in the world, with the boy that he sought the acquaintance of his mother, a lady "with a remarkably graceful person, amiable manners, and an inexhaustible fund of good-nature." Though a year or two older than himself, Napoleon soon fell deeply in love with the charming widow, and their marriage may fairly be termed a "love match." She was a woman of good judgment, who exercised the very happiest influence over her by-no-means-manageable spouse to the last hour of her sway. "The claims of Josephine on her husband's affections were as numerous as could be possessed by a wife. She had shared his more lowly fortunes, and, by her management and address during his absence in Egypt, had paved the way for the splendid success which he had attained on his return. She had also done much to render his gov-

ernment popular, by softening the sudden and fierce bursts of passion to which his temperament induced him to give way. No one could understand like Josephine the peculiarities of her husband's temper; no one dared, like her, to encounter his displeasure, rather than not advise him for his better interest; no one could possess such good opportunities of watching the fit season for intercession; and no one, it is allowed on all hands, made a more prudent or a more beneficent use of the opportunities she enjoyed. The character of Bonaparte, vehement by temper, a soldier by education, and invested by fortune with the most despotic power, required peculiarly the moderating influence of such a mind, which could interfere without intrusion and remonstrate without offense.

"To maintain the influence over her husband, Josephine made, not only unreluctantly but eagerly, the greatest personal sacrifices. In all the rapid journeys which he performed, she was his companion. No obstacle of road or weather was permitted to interfere with her departure. However sudden the call, the Empress was ever ready; however untimely the hour, her carriage was in instant attendance.

"The influence which she maintained by the sacrifice of her personal comforts was used for the advancement of her husband's best interests, the relief of those who were

in distress, and the averting the consequences or hasty resolutions formed in a moment of violence or irritation. Besides her considerable talents and her real beneficence of disposition, Josephine was possessed of other ties over the mind of her husband. The mutual passion which had subsisted between them for many years, if its warmth had subsided, seems to have left behind affectionate remembrances and mutual esteem. The grace and dignity with which Josephine played her part in the imperial pageant was calculated to gratify the pride of Napoleon, which might have been shocked at seeing the character of empress discharged with less ease and adroitness, for her temper and manners enabled her, as one easily accustomed to the society of persons of political influence, to conduct herself with singular dexterity in the intrigues of the splendid and busy court, where she filled so important a character.

"Lastly, it is certain that Bonaparte, who, like many of those who affect to despise superstition, had a reserve of it in his own bosom, believed that his fortunes were indissolubly connected with of those of Josephine; and loving her as she deserved to be loved, he held his union with her the more eminent; that there was attached to it, he thought, a spell affecting his own destinies, which had ever seemed predominant when they

had received the recent influence of Josephine's presence." (Scott's 'Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.')

Such then was the wife Napoleon put away because he had no heir to his mighty empire—the counterpart of Charlemagne's he proudly held. He had dictated terms to Austria in Vienna. He had made a truce with Russia on the extreme eastern frontier of Prussia. All Germany lay at his feet. Italy owned him as her master. Spain had been annexed. France of course was his. No one, indeed, since the day of Charlemagne, had looked on such an empire. But ambition overcame love, and even the belief in the spell; and professing mutual sacrifice of their personal feelings (on her side genuine enough), the pair parted. Napoleon took another wife, a gentle creature, young, and without influence over him; and his star fell with his separation from Josephine—in truth his good angel; and no longer restrained by her influence, headstrong wilfulness brought about disaster after disaster, till the whilom ruler of the world became the exile of St. Helena; and the successor of Charlemagne was a prisoner on a solitary rock in the Atlantic ocean.

Josephine exercised that influence over Napoleon which every married woman should aspire to possess over her husband. She curbed his hasty resolutions; interposed betwixt his sovereign will and acts which were inju-

rious to him; ruled wisely in his absence; swayed him ever for his good. And how great was her influence over him is demonstrated by his career subsequent to his separation from this exemplary wife. With no one to restrain him, to counsel him wisely, he went from one rash venture to another, each followed by deepening disaster, till he fell at the feet of his foes; while the divorced Empress watched his downfall with all lovingness and with useless regret. Her last public act was to receive the allied sovereigns assembled in Paris to recall the Bourbons.

However far the woman a man proposes or aspires to marry will be likely to influence him for good or evil, is not usually a factor in the volitional dynamics of love and courtship. It is a matter about which no rules, however broad, can be laid down. It is, of course, perfectly obvious that a wife should be a person of such principle that her influence with her husband will be for good rather than for evil. But, unless it be in that exceptional case of the courtship of "the old bachelor's wife," the suitor is more engaged in seeing how he can win the lady than in speculating what her influence upon him will be after he is her husband; while on the other hand, it is to be feared women, especially young ones, are inclined to test their influence rather in seeing how quickly they can put their swain out than in see-

ing how they can make the most of him. How few men in courtship have taken the line of Felix Holt, who, when gazing on Esther Lyon, said: "I wonder whether the subtle measuring of forces will ever come to measuring the force there would be in one beautiful woman whose mind was as noble as her face was beautiful, who made a man's passion for her rush in one current with all the great aims of his life!" To which keen-witted, lovable Esther made answer: "It is difficult for a woman ever to try to be anything good when she is not believed in, when it is always supposed that she must be contemptible." But then I know men, and women, too, who speak disrespectfully of Felix and call him a prig. Whether these persons will look, or ever did look, on courtship from Felix's point of view, may be questioned. Yet it would possibly be well for the world at large, as well as those immediately concerned, if this matter were oftener inwardly digested. The outline of the profile, the angles of the mouth, the lustre of the eye, nay even the turn of the ankle, to say nothing of her fortune, will weigh with most men more than the subtlest of mental dynamics. Not that the matter has entirely escaped the world's notice, as the maxim testifieth, "Better get a woman with money in her than with money with her." Such female influence is often found most valuable to a character not itself remarkable for strength. When

Bobby Banks forgot his mare and cart at Keswick, and found that repeated pints of ale did not throw "the least light in the world" on his perplexity, his mind, even through its vinous fumes, wondered, "What'll Betty think? What will Betty think?" so strong was the force of habit. But is the man who is somewhat suspicious of his own strength of mind likely to seek in a spouse those elements of strength lacking in himself? On the other hand, do strong-willed women ever marry by design men whom they can "manage?" It would be ungallant to discuss the question, yet amidst the characters of history and fiction such a union is not unknown. Perhaps George Eliot had some such thought in her heart when speaking of commonplace Amos Barton and his sweet wife Milly, though couched in guarded phrase. "I have all my life had a sympathy for mongrel, ungainly dogs who are nobody's pets." And many a good woman seems to have "thrown herself away" for no equivalent discernible by others.

Then there lies beyond all the question of the relations of the will that of the possibility of some reserve of will, *i. e.*, that at times of great emergency a man can call out reserve will-power as a general calls out his reserves in battle. "It is related of Muley Moluc, the Moorish leader, that, when lying ill, almost worn out by incurable disease, a battle took place between his troops and

the Portuguese, when starting from his litter at the great crisis of the fight, he rallied his army, led them to victory, and then instantly sank exhausted and expired." His remaining strength was called out and expended in one final effort. A story still more to the point was recently told me by an eminent physician. One day he was asked by a man whose exploits in his own line are known all over the world: "Doctor, what is will?" The physician declined to commit himself to any definition. The inquirer went on: "One day I signed an agreement to wheel a barrow along a rope on a given day. A day or two before I was seized with lumbago. I called in my medical man, and told him I must be cured by a certain day; not only because I should lose what I hoped to earn, but also forfeit a large sum. I got no better, and the evening before the day of the exploit, he argued against my thinking of carrying out my agreement. Next morning I was no better; the doctor forbade my getting up. I told him, 'What do I want with your advice? If you cannot cure me, of what good is your advice?' When I got to the place there was the doctor, protesting I was unfit for the exploit. I went on, though I felt like a frog with my back. I got ready my pole and my barrow, took hold of the handles and wheeled it along the rope as well as ever I did. When I got to the end I wheeled it back again, and when

this was done I was a frog again. What made me that I could wheel the barrow? It was my reserve-will!" This is the story, bald and uninteresting compared to what it was when told in the Frenchman's imperfect English, exquisitely imitated; but the moral remains, "It was my reserve-will."

How many of us possess some reserve-will for emergencies, which only reveals itself when the emergency has been encountered successfully, and then the individual explains, "I don't know how ever I did it. But I did!"

WILL AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

WILL AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

"TO be right in great memorable moments is, perhaps, the thing we need most wish for ourselves," says George Eliot, and "great moments" are the sudden test of long-forming character. The decision then will tell what the training has been. Emergency is the surest test of character. It is not difficult to forecast what some persons will do when the hour of trial comes, "come it slow or come it fast." They will act with promptitude and decision, action being the outcome of formed character; while others will hesitate, waver, compromise, until action is no longer possible, and sometimes act hastily when too late. There are many people from whom prompt decision in the hour of trial can be no more expected than we can hope to see an eclipse, the occurrence of which has not been predicted.

In what lies the difference? In the preparation of the mind, the development of the character, in which "will," it has been said before, is the first numeral.

The self-cultivation it is which decides when the supreme time comes, when amidst contending interests, conflicting emotions, the decision has to be made.

> "It is one thing to be tempted,
> It is another thing to fall,"

no matter whether it is man's honesty, or woman's honor which is involved. A man does not commit a great act of dishonesty without previous toying with crime. A virtuous, chaste-minded girl does not sacrifice her honor on a sudden; the girl who falls before a quick flash of opportunity has previously allowed passion to mix too freely among her thoughts. We may not be able to trace the antecedents of the particular act, but depend upon it, it has a past in which the act was foreseen, and had been speculatively considered. The man has had hours of irresolution as to the abstract question of right and wrong in certain concrete matters; the girl has failed to regard her honor "as a conservative principle never to be reasoned upon nor subjected to calculations of utility." Of the man's case, Horace Greeley said truly: "That is the darkest day in man's career when he first thinks there is an easier way of getting a dollar than squarely earning it." Of woman's fall it is equally certain that she has hesitated inwardly, halted betwixt opportunity and resistance;

that her determination has been sapped, indeed, before she consented to allow herself to be placed in the position of temptation. Our social laws and regulations surround women with a fence of protection against temptation; and their very existence, the scrupulous attention paid to them by decent women, point unmistakably to the widespread conviction that they are necessary; and that many young women may not safely be left alone to protect their own honor, but stand in need of safeguards furnished for them by the thoughtfulness of others. It is a pity that these are necessary!

And yet what do we see around us? We see men, youths, and adults of good position preparing for momentous decisions by gambling, especially betting, which is surely trying "an easier way of getting a dollar than squarely earning it?" They will evince their judgment by their selection of a horse for a certain race, having no real knowledge of the animal, and knowing no more of horse-racing than the "tips" of sporting newspapers and their own chatter thereupon. But they are anxious to make money without working hard for it; and impressed with their own powers of discrimination, or in blind trust in their luck (whatever that may be), they stake some money they can ill afford to lose. It goes, and they must retrieve their ill-success; and having no money of their own, they borrow some at ruinous inter-

est. and lose that, and walk out into the world a young man of position ruined on the turf; or, in other positions of life, lend themselves some money from their employer, lose it, and figure in the police court for embezzlement, and furnishing a moralizing paragraph in the newspapers.

These are sorry endings of high hopes; pitiful results of building castles in the air. It is said "that among the cab-drivers of London are many younger sons of the aristocracy who occupy their position because they did not lead trumps when they had five in hand." What were younger sons doing with cards? Whist is a fine recreation for a man retired from business, who plays for a certain stake to give interest to the game, which is money he has himself earned, and can easily afford to lose; but as a speculative procedure, it is too much a game of skill for a patrician youth out at the elbows. Gambling even in stocks is a proceeding which has recently furnished a variety of instances of gentlemen who have suddenly disappeared without leaving any address behind them, and who are believed to be wandering outcasts in Mexico, since Spain no longer affords them a shelter. Take my word for it, youthful reader, the young man of good family engaged in driving a hansom cab, the youth picking oakum for tampering with his master's till, the gentleman who goes into exile where

the extradition treaties are not yet in force, never contemplated these base issues: but all hoped to make something by their ventures—for "gambling is the child of avarice and the parent of despair." The last final deed which led to actual ruin was but the terminal scene in a prolonged drama: maybe, indeed, in some cases, the last straw that breaks the camel's back; or, in others, like the sharper, who, having operated successfully for hundreds, gets caught at last for a paltry seven-and-sixpence.

So with girls who fall before temptation; they have never prayed very earnestly against it. Hetty Sorrel, in 'Adam Bede,' had her own little schemes in her conduct; and other squirrel-brained young females in their inward thoughts are apt to see brilliant issues from distinctly doubtful conduct. A course of novel-reading, where vice and crime go hand in hand, treading the "primrose path to perdition," where "the world, the flesh and the devil" seem the chief aims of life, is not the best training for a young woman; and often it is well for her if her mother is a lynx-eyed personage, with more fixed views about the danger of temptation than her inexperienced daughter, when that hour draws nigh.

It is, perhaps, the most fortunate thing for her that she probably possesses few attractions. Lectures on

prudence are common with mothers: possibly lessons on purity would be even still more valuable: the difficulty, however, lies probably in the mother's incapacity to do the topic justice. Heroic sinners are the personages in which some writers of fiction delight, while others, again—both mostly ladies—draw young men who are nothing more than school mistresses in masculine attire. The latter may be prigs, and their conceit offensive to our own vanity; but well-mannered ruffians like Strathmore are infinitely more mischievous, as are the Laras and Corsairs of a by-past time, "the veriest puppets that were ever pulled by the strings of lust and pride," said one of those very "schoolmistresses in trousers." That so much moral garbage is devoured by the subscribers to circulating libraries is a significant fact, coupled with another fact: that among the subscribers to the said circulating libraries young women are conspicuously numerous. With little or nothing to do, nothing to live for but the eligible young man, the potential husband, who somehow or other does not turn up; surrounded by tiresome people, albeit near relatives; with only girls of their own kidney to correspond, or interchange thoughts with; these products of a modern boarding-school training would be weary of life without the novel: all the more acceptable to them if addressed specially to their own

feelings and capacities. To scamper through a novel to see "how it ends," to dwell on certain scenes and linger over certain passages, both of which might have been deleted by the proof-reader with advantage to public morals—is their preparation for "that position to which it shall please God to call them;" and what a large section of feminine social units appear to regard as best and fittest. Abbé Fenélon, in his essay "On the Education of Daughters," puts it thus, in speaking of girls whose education has been neglected: "The mind not having acquired a bent toward any particular object, plies itself toward what is evil! it makes to itself a sort of second original sin, which is the source of a thousand disorders in maturer age." And as they sow, so they reap. When they do get married, the monotony of their lives is varied by suspecting their husbands of amours; or perhaps having some little affairs of that kind of their own. Destitute of intellectual resources, and incapable of intellectual pleasure, they drift on—whither? "And thus I was cut off from my beloved's arms for ever, except through the billows of sin or the floods of death." The grave or a dishonored existence, the charnel house or the divorce court, are the alternatives of a being "created in the image of God," and credited with a soul to be saved. And yet it would seem from the favor it finds that such and such-like is demanded by the Anglo-

Saxon women, the purest and the chastest of their sex in the world. The blackest testimony against these prurient misses is to be found in the literary provender furnished to them by some of the novelists of their own sex. The bad women of men's novels are never so thoroughly wicked and atrocious as the bad heroines of female writers. It is one thing to be Satanic, another thing to be impish. And yet women know their own sex better, or at least it is so asserted, than men do. "Nobody but a woman can understand woman," a lady of unquestionable ability told me once. All that can be said on this subject is (granting the statement to be well founded), female novelists seem to see the dark side of womankind more vividly, or else a darker aspect, than men do. Women study character systematically (in their own way), both men and their own sex; and the way one woman can track another woman's devious windings through "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," when she gives her mind to it, is simply appalling to a masculine intellect. No turn or double is there but is unraveled until, nude, stripped naked, as regards motive and action, the victim stands revealed before one. The promptitude with which a woman of character will pronounce authoritatively and decide upon another woman's conduct when doubtful, throws some light upon woman's opinion of women; in which

charity is often conspicuous by its absence. If women are really at heart what some modern novelists choose to depict them, the outlook for the future is a dark one. If they belie their sex, why do the said sex patronize them by reading their productions? But after all, that is a matter for the sex themselves!

With men or women, it is not the final act, then, which constitutes the fall; the great step has been taken when they allow themselves to entertain the idea of doing that which they are ashamed of other people knowing! When in doubt as to what they are about to do, they have only to ask themselves this question: "Do I care about the world knowing?" If an affirmative answer can be given, then they need be in no doubt about the impropriety of what they are proposing, even speculatively, to do. When engaged in self-communion, the plainer and simpler the language used the better. "You cannot touch pitch without being defiled." And the mind which toys with sin will find itself besmirched —as well as with resolve sapped.

"The line of least resistance." What is that? asks the youthful reader. It is often the line of conduct, my young friend! All action takes the line of least resistance; even to the action of dynamite upon rock, where the cleavage will take the line of least resistance. This does not necessarily involve degraded action by any

means. The line of least resistance may go upwards among higher motives, as well as downwards amidst lower motives. There is what one can *not* be, as well as what one wishes to be. It is easier for some to die than sacrifice their honor; it is easier for some to starve than steal. When the line of least resistance goes upward, we call the conduct heroic; when it tends downward, we call it cowardly or craven. In real life, as well as in fiction, women have been pressed by enormous weight of circumstance to yield their honor; and if the pressure be sufficiently great, we are not surprised to see them yield. It is a common part of the plot of a novel to place a woman where she must yield her honor, either with or without previous marriage rites, to save a relative's reputation or life; and terrible straits women are often put to, no doubt. The struggle against surrender tells how the yielding is detested. What a woman will do under such circumstances will depend upon "the line of least resistance" with her. With General Gordon, it was easier to face all the dangers of the desert and the Arabs than leave the Soudan to bloodshed and anarchy. When death has to be risked, we always honor him or her who chooses to face it sooner than be false to themselves.

"This above all—to thine own self be true;
And then it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any one.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!"

Yes, and we are true to ourselves—our real selves—in our actions; the "selves" we make ourselves! The action is but "the conscious moving over the silent depths of the unconscious." When the time for decision, of which action is the outcome, arrives, we will act according to what we are—what we are by descent plus what we have made ourselves; and as the acts of our ancestors affect us, so our acts will affect our descendants. "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of those that hate Me," it is written. If the individual is descended from those who hate God, the sin of the ancestor will be visited on him or her, in godless action. So the sin of the individual will be handed down to future generations. "I can do as I like," says the person free to choose. Quite so; but how about the liking? The person who has always striven to act nobly will "like" very differently from one who has habitually shrunk from noble action. Our inherited qualities go a great way; but our individual education goes still further, when the hour of choice between good and evil actually arrives. Some people cannot flinch from their ideal, and act accordingly. Others, constantly engaged in finding excuses for, and still more to themselves, will

yield. The martyr's crown of thorns has ever been honored. Such momentous decisions as involve the martyr's crown come to few of us, fortunately; for it is to be feared few of us would bear such test; that, indeed, when weighed in the balance we would be found wanting. But to every one comes some hour of decision in life, and well for us is it if we can "be right in great memorable moments." We cannot, however, hope to be noble in emergencies if we are mean and base by habit. In the ordinary matters of life it is comparatively easy not to act ignobly; there is no great pressure upon us; but remember "in the absence of temptation virtue has no merit." It is easy to do right when there is no great temptation, or pressure to do otherwise.

The habitual consideration of the abstract right and wrong in every concrete action, no matter how unimportant, the choice betwixt good and evil in the trivial things of life is the building up of character; the preparation for the hour of trial, the determining whither the direction of the line of least resistance will tend—up or down. So much for principle in the conflict betwixt will and circumstance. A man may fall and repent, as David did, with a real repentance; not the mere regret at falling because the later consequences are disagreeable, but the struggle to climb up again. Or man or

woman may fall and then turn their mind to see how far unpleasant consequences may be evaded. The latter is not repentance! Or a person may repent an evil deed, or a life of evil when this life is drawing to a close; but this is too often merely "prudence extending its calculations beyond the grave," carrying self-deception into another world. Such conduct savors strongly of

> "The devil fell ill, the devil a saint would be;
> The devil got well, the devil a saint was he."

A repentance based on such prudence is not likely to be accepted at the last assize, or to blot out anything registered "in the recording angel's black bureau." At the dread time "when all hearts are opened" its unreality will soon be apparent. The effect of decision for good or evil will tell upon the character of the decider's descendants; a matter too little recognized. Hawthorne speaks of "the little-regarded truth that the act of the passing generation is the germ which may and must produce a good or evil fruit in a far-distant time." If evil deeds are visited upon a distant generation, depend upon it good deeds are not lost! Good and evil bring their reward with them in this world. "Behold, the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth; much more the wicked and the sinner." The first is an encouragement to do right, the latter a menace for those who plan to do evil, of which they would do well to take a note.

Our good actions and our bad actions live with us—ay, after us; and if other people do not know of them, we do ourselves. And if we wish to live on comfortable terms with ourselves, we must be able to look ourselves in the mirror and *not* see there the reflection of a rogue!

Another matter there is of great importance in the contest betwixt will and circumstance, and that is knowledge. Knowledge is power, and is worth obtaining for its own sake. When circumstance offers, we must be ready to deal with it; capable, as well as willing. If a man is determined to deal with circumstance, his volitional dynamics will find their greatest aid in a sufficiency of knowledge. Consequently, if far-seeing, he will seek knowledge with unfaltering step. "As a rule, the most successful man in life is the man who has the best information," said Benjamin Disraeli. He did not mean here by "successful" the richest man, the power to accumulate wealth being by no means necessarily linked with the loftiest intelligence. He meant "success" in its broadest sense, not in its most restricted sense; for Disraeli was never a rich man, and possessed but very moderate means. "Opportunity has a lock in front, but is bald behind." If she cannot be caught as she comes, it is no use to clutch at her when past, or even passing. The requisite knowledge or information is involved as well as the proper strength of will to seize the

opportunity as it flies past. And the will must bring this knowledge with it for success; and consequently must take care to possess it, if possible.

Yet, how constantly is this fact forgotten or ignored! It frequently falls to the writer's lot to be consulted by young men as to what they should do, and where they should settle in life. "What are you working at?" is the usual query. The answer at once tells whether the man is doing anything to help himself or not. One man will answer, "I have been working at so-and-so since I passed," or "I have been studying abroad." It is apparent these men have been acquiring knowledge for its own sake and their own improvement, because they feel it will help them in their onward career. Another will say, "I have been doing nothing, having a holiday after passing." It is equally clear that this man has had no ambition to add to his intellectual capital. One such man once came to ask what he should do after he passed a certain examination, and got such counsel as it was in the writer's power to offer him. About a year afterwards he called to ask again what he could do, stating he had passed; but it was the easiest examination to be found which he had adventured. Asking if he had added anything to his stores of information since passing (an interval of some six months), he replied he "had not opened a book." On my comment

that he was "a lazy fellow," he burst out into tears, considerably to my surprise. Yet, what else was he? He put himself to the easiest examination he could find, and ceased his efforts the instant the immediate end was served. He was "a lazy fellow!" I thought so then, and I think so now. Yet he seemed to think his efforts such as should have excited my admiration. It is easy to discern the man who means to get on and the man who throws his weight into the collar, as compared to the man who pulls slack, as easy as to note the temperament of a horse. Nor is it difficult to forecast the future in each case. Yet the airs that some fellows will put on on the strength of some puny efforts they are making to pass some ordinary standard, and the amount of self-denial they will credit themselves with thereupon, are often amusing. They possibly think they are very meritorious. I daresay when a young bird makes its first hop from bough to bough its own estimate of its performance will equal that of a mature bird which has made a long flight. After all, if this self-satisfaction stimulates to further efforts it is not harmful. If it leads to a feeling of rest on the laurels won (such as they are), then it is pernicious and harmful. When a man makes efforts to attain something for himself, it is not fair to expect much admiration from others—for is not he the person benefited? If

it was a self-denying effort to help some one else, then the case would be widely different.

In the conflict of "will and circumstance," the will should carry with it, too, integrity of purpose ("for what availeth it a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?") as well as a sufficiency of knowledge for success. The will without these would only be like a man wishing to make a cart without tools or previous knowledge of carpentry.

Yet another matter remains to be considered, and that is the bodily strength which goes with the resolute will. It is of little use putting a youth to a career where the sole result that can be reasonably anticipated is a breakdown of the health before success could possibly be attained. The young man who has a decided consumptive taint in his blood will do well to avoid crowded cities, ill-ventilated rooms, and indoor occupation, under which circumstances his health is much more likely to fail than if he sought an opposite life of exercise in the fresh air. Even when, under the first circumstances, signs of mischief show themselves, a return to the country is often attended with excellent results, especially if he made up his mind to remain there. The Jew is essentially a dweller in towns, at least in England, and of him what is written may not hold good, for he is not an agriculturist, and the pedlar is extinct;

but of other persons it is certainly true. Especially is the consideration of the physique of importance in Great Britain, where, as a rule, a man adheres to his original occupation, and to take to something else is the exception. In the United States of America it is different; there it is quite usual for a man to try one occupation after another until he finds one to his liking or in which he is successful. Huxley thinks that everything is possible for a man with a good digestion; and there is undoubtedly a great deal in this, even in the face of the fact that Jews are a dyspeptic people. The person with a defective digestion can do less work, and must spend more on (appropriate) food than others, and so is heavily handicapped in the race of life. Yet there are some brilliant dyspeptics of the Tom Carlyle type—one can feel a stomach-ache in many of his sentences! Another matter which impairs the power to contend with circumstance is want of sleep. Men like Napoleon Bonaparte and Wellington, who were small sleepers, had so many more hours every day for toil, and, consequently, got through an enormous amount of work. But when a person of ordinary powers essays to follow their example, the result is a "breakdown" sooner or later, and usually sooner. Bad sleepers are an irritable race quite as much as dyspeptics.

Yet there are instances of persons who have succeeded

in doing a great deal in this world despite a weak physique. The hunchbacked are usually intelligent workmen: what they lack in physical power, they make up for by using their brains. The following sketch by Macaulay is of interest here. He is speaking of the battle of Landen, one of the many severe battles fought betwixt France and the Allies in the later years of the seventeenth century. "Never, perhaps, was the change which the progress of civilization has produced in the art of war more strikingly illustrated than on that day. Ajax beating down the Trojan leader with a rock which two ordinary men could scarcely lift, Horatius defending the bridge against an army, Richard the Lion-hearted spurring along the Saracen line without finding an enemy to stand his assault, Robert Bruce crushing with one blow the helmet and head of Sir Henry Bohun in sight of the whole army of England and Scotland. Such are the heroes of a dark age. In such an age bodily vigor is the indispensable qualification of a warrior. At Landen two sickly beings, who in a rude state of society would have been regarded as too puny to bear any part in combats, were the souls of two great armies. In some heathen countries they would have been exposed while infants. In Christendom they would, six hundred years earlier, have been sent to some quiet cloister. But their lot had fallen on a time when men

had discovered that the strength of the muscles is far inferior in value to the strength of the mind. It is probable that, among the hundred and twenty thousand soldiers who were marshalled around Neerwinden under all the standards of Western Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf who urged forward the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England." And "the asthmatic skeleton" was always seen at his best after a stricken field. Not only was he a descendant of the tenacious William the Silent, but there ran in his veins the blood of Admiral Coligni, who said: "In one respect I may claim superiority over Alexander, over Scipio, over Cæsar. They won great battles, that is true. I have lost four great battles; and yet I show to the enemy a more formidable front than ever." No wonder William of Orange was chosen king of England—the country of the men of whom Napoleon said they never knew when they were beaten. "They are beaten, and they won't run." And when a man will not realize that he is beaten, he certainly is not conquered. Tenacity of purpose is an Anglo-Saxon quality. The old Norseman who said, "I believe neither in idols or demons. I put my sole trust in my own strength of body and soul," spoke for his race. The whole history of England's colonies and conquests points the same moral. When Well-

ington put his foot down upon a scrap of Portuguese territory, Massena was ordered "to drive the English into the sea;" but in vain he tried to induce his wary foe to lift it. There he was, and there he intended to remain. Massena came, looked at the lines of Torres Vedras, waited, looked again and again, and then "the spoilt child of victory" retired, and turned his back on the lines without attempting to assault them. The English were not to be driven into the sea, and the French retreated; and soon the whole peninsula knew that the English still kept their hold. Wellington saw Napoleon's mighty empire was ready to fall to pieces; and a decisive check at one point would be the beginning of the end—the shock would be felt throughout the tottering mass. What says the French historian Thiers of this exploit and Wellington's view of the state of affairs? "This opinion, which does the highest honor to the military and political judgment of Lord Wellington, had become with him a fixed idea; and he persevered in it with a firmness of mind and an obstinacy of character worthy of admiration." Wellington saw what had to be done, and he did it; and nothing could shake his hold on Torres Vedras. His clearness of judgment in military matters was wonderful. It was shown once by his observation that two villages stood directly opposite each other on either side of a river, and conse-

quently some means of communication must exist between them. His guides declared there was no ford, but his determined will led him to look for himself; he found a ford, crossed, and won the decisive battle of Assye. Wellington was a typical Englishman in his tenacity of purpose.

But fixity of purpose is found wherever the blood of the Norsemen runs, of whom Kingsley said: "Every nation of Europe, from Gibraltar to St. Petersburg, owes to them the most precious element of strength"—of will even more than of body.

Columbus was an Italian who possessed all that determination which came to Norse blood combined with the subtlety of the Italian character. He thought much of what the ancients said of a short course from Spain to India, of Plato's Atlantic island; and conceived the idea of sailing to India over the Atlantic. He applied to the Genoese, who rejected his scheme as impracticable; then to Portugal, at that time taking the lead in maritime discovery, only to be deceived by King John; and then he sent his brother to England, while he repaired to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Here he bore suspense and disappointment for long, but the fall of Granada led to his ultimate success, and at last he set out into the unknown sea with a small fleet, which was so ill-formed as scarcely to reach the Canaries in

safety; soon after leaving them, the spirits of his crew fell, and then Columbus "perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries he had in view than naval skill and undaunted courage." And he could trust himself only. "As soon as they put to sea, he regulated everything by his sole authority, he superintended the execution of every order, and allowed himself only a few hours' sleep; he was at all other times on deck." As he went further westward the heats of his crew failed them, and mutiny was imminent. But Columbus retained his serenity of mind even under these trying circumstances, and induced his crew to persevere for three days more. Three critical days in the history of the world! Shortly there drifted past them a newly cut cane, then a piece of carved timber, and a branch of a tree covered with fresh red berries. Land could not be far distant. The ships were ordered to lie-to for the night, and about two hours after midnight Columbus saw a light and pointed it out to a companion. His own eye first saw the conclusive evidence of the existence of man in the New World. And when day dawned on Friday, October 12, 1492, there was land; and all the hopes of Columbus were realized. It was a near affair, but resolution overcame all difficulties, and a new world commenced its history. Had Columbus not pos-

sessed that influence over others in the "will fight" which will be discussed in the next chapter, the discovery of America might have been delayed for centuries.

On December 13, 1577, Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth Sound in the *Pelican*, with three consorts smaller even than herself. He and his crew knew their fate if they failed. Drowning or the tortures of the Inquisition would be their lot. But the hardy "sea-dogs" were stout-hearted fellows, who feared not Spaniard or devil. After reaching the South American coast, his second in command, Mr. Doughty, tried to slip away. His ship was fired and left behind, and the crew transferred to the *Pelican*. On the coast of Patagonia stood a gibbet bearing the skeletons of mutineers left by Magellan, and here, having been found plotting mutiny, the corpse of Mr. Doughty was left by Drake. With infinite toil Drake made his way through the Straits into the Pacific, to be swept far away towards the Antarctic seas by a storm and separated from his consorts, one of whom turned back to England. Undaunted, the sea-dog sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso and rifled a Spanish galleon. Then along the coast he sailed, filling the hold of the *Pelican* with silver and gold. Having refitted on the coast of California, he turned his course across the unknown Pacific. One night when creeping along the eastern seas her keel was heard to grate on a

coral reef, and there lay the *Pelican* till morning. However, she was lightened and got off safely. All had behaved well except the chaplain, whose heart failed him, though usually of a courageous disposition, and he expressed doubts whether Doughty's fate was a just one or not. Having found a strait and got into the Indian ocean, Drake had the chaplain formally chained to a ringbolt on deck till he repented him of his cowardice, which, we are glad to hear, it did not take him long to do. Round the Cape of Good Hope, up the Atlantic, sailed the little vessel, into Plymouth harbor once more, "having marked with her keel a furrow round the globe," the first that did. Sir Francis Drake found, like other pioneers, that it was necessary to be able to command men as well as to be an accomplished sailor and a fearless man. "When at sea he wore a scarlet cap with a gold band, and was exacting in the respect with which he required to be treated by his crew." Like Columbus, he found he must be a master of men; and each of these daring navigators was respected and obeyed accordingly.

No less adventurous than these two eminent men was La Salle, the discoverer of the Mississippi. The Jesuits had with marvelous heroism explored the lakes of the St. Lawrence; and among them the son of the burgher of Rouen caught the spirit of enterprise. He was "a young

man in whom the fire of youth glowed not the less ardently for the veil of reserve that covered it; who shrank from no danger, but would not court it in bravado; and who would cling with an invincible tenacity of grip to any purpose he might espouse." Up far away on the Canadian lakes one winter he had some Iroquois guests who told him of a river, the Ohio, in their country. flowing into the sea at the distance of an eight or nine months' journey. From this he believed the river to flow westward into the "Vermillion Sea" (Gulf of California). Difficulty after difficulty met him amidst the wild forests and morasses of Illinois, and the bloody wars of the Indians. But he pushed up the waters, debouching into Lake Michigan till he struck the water-shed of the Mississippi. Here, however, he was stopped, and had to return baffled. The Jesuits took alarm at his enterprise and tried to poison him, but he recovered. Back to Montreal he went, in order to make preparations for following the Ohio to the sea. Even to the court of France he found it necessary to go; and he got what money he could from his relatives at Rouen. A ship had to be built above Niagara Falls in order to carry a proper store of munitions for his enterprise to his point of departure up the Chekagou (Chicago) river. In an Italian, an ex-soldier who had lost one hand in the Sicilian wars, he found a worthy collaborateur. They

pushed over into the Mississippi basin and passed Buffalo Rock, a favorite Indian encampment. They were suspected of being spies of the dreaded Iroquois, and again poison was administered in vain to the intrepid explorer. Mutiny was frequent among his French followers in consequence of the difficulties and dangers of his enterprises, despite La Salle's force of character, but his sway over the Indian was almost magical. Here he got entangled amidst the hostile armies of the Indians, and it was at this critical time La Salle first gazed on the broad stream of the Mississippi proper. But he had once more to pause, and spent the winter in preparing for his great *coup*. "He might have brooded on the redoubled ruin that had befallen him: the desponding friends, the exulting foes, the wasted energies, the crushing load of debt, the stormy past, the dark and lowering future. But his mind was of a different temper. He had no thought but to grapple with adversity, and out of the fragments of his ruin to rear the fabric of a triumphant success." He and his Italian, Tonty, had been separated, and as soon as they were reunited back to the enterprise they returned without delay. Down the river they went, leaving winter behind them, and finding before them the realms of spring. At last they came upon the Indians of Arkansas, "a lively, civil, generous people, very different from the cold, cruel,

taciturn Indians of the North." Then they founded, in the name of the King of France, the colony of Louisiana. His next design was to build a ship and sail out into the Gulf of Mexico; but this plan he found he was not able to carry out. So once more he left the Indian wigwams and made his way to Paris. Here he exerted his wonderful command over his fellow-men so successfully that he set out for the mouth of the Mississippi with a fleet. Hampered by the French commander, he sailed past the main mouth of the Mississippi to reach a western mouth of its delta. The vessels were wrecked, not without strong suspicion of malice, and malarial fever thinned the ranks of his followers: but La Salle was as undaunted as ever, though growing sterner and harsher from his long series of difficulties. Cut off from France by the sea, he formed the desperate resolution of making his way up the river to Canada. Illness attacked him, "the life of the party," but he cast it off apparently by an effort of will. Despairing of success, a mutiny was set on foot to murder La Salle and his devoted Indian followers. These last fell first; then a bullet through his brain put an end to the career of a man who "belonged not to the age of the knight-errant and the saint, but to the modern world of practical study and practical action." His biographer concludes: "To estimate aright the marvels of his patient fortitude, one

must follow on his track through the vast scene of his interminable journeyings, those thousands of miles of forest, marsh and river, where again and again, in the bitterness of baffled striving, the untiring pilgrim pushed onward to the goal he was never to attain. America owes him an enduring memory, for in this masculine figure, cast in iron, she sees the heroic pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage."

Next to La Salle as a river explorer comes our own discoverer David Livingstone, the factory worker, who was the first white man to gaze on the headwaters of the Nile. Peaceful himself, he came of a fighting race, and showed cool courage under the most trying circumstances. Feeling a strong desire to be a missionary, he studied medicine in order to increase his usefulness. Early in his career in South Africa, he was seized by a lion which he had wounded. "Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening," is his account of this extraordinary experience. The wound left him with a false joint near the shoulder, but this never lessened his activity as an explorer. As to his relations to the ne-

groes he so ardently wished to convert, he writes, "In our relations with this people we were simply strangers, exercising no authority or control whatever. Our influence depended entirely on persuasion; and having taught them by kind conversation as well as by public instruction, I expected them to do what their own sense of right and wrong dictated." Such was the mild rule of the missionary as he wandered along to the marvelous falls of the Zambesi, or sailed on the huge inland lakes of Central Africa. He revisited home several times, only to return more devoted to his dark-skinned friends, with whom he loved to be alone. At last, far away from any white man, he sickened and died. Having built him a hut to shelter him while dying,

> "The swarthy followers stood aloft,
> Unled, unfathered."

They were powerless to aid him: but they brought his body down to the coast with the fidelity of the savage, to deliver it safely to the white men; by whom it was taken, to be laid among the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey.

In all these different men, we see not only indomitable purpose, but a power of command over others, which was curiously marked in the relations of La Salle and Livingstone with the uncivilized races amidst whom each spent such long, long years.

Much the same power was possessed by John Davis over the Esquimaux. Davis was one of the band who were often found together at Greenaway Manor House. Sir Humphery Gilbert, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others scarcely less renowned, formed a very remarkable group. Davis is described as a steady and determined seaman. "Brave as he was, he is distinguished by a peculiar and exquisite sweetness of nature, which, from many little facts of his life, seems to have affected every one with whom he came in contact in a remarkable degree. We find men, for the love of master Davis, leaving their firesides to sail with him without other hope or motive; we find silver bullets cast to shoot him in a mutiny, the hard rude nature of the mutineers being awed by something in his carriage, which was not like that of other men." Three different attempts he made to discover the Northwest Passage, but in vain. He was beaten, but beaten after what efforts! All that man could do he did; and considering the vessel at his command, he achieved wonders. When his crew wished to punish the Esquimaux for stealing, especially iron articles, he pleaded for them, "supposing it to be so very hard in so short a time to make them know their evils." So with his own men when beginning to be afraid. "The people began to fall sick and faint-hearted, whereupon very orderly and with good discretion, they entreated

me to regard the safety of my own life, as well as the preservation of theirs, and that I should not, through overboldness, leave their widows and fatherless children to give me bitter curses." And what did brave John Davis do? He gave his own ship for those who were faint-hearted to return in to England; while he, with such volunteers as stuck to him, took the smaller ship, and went on into the unknown seas. He found the entrance to Hudson's Bay, and left his name in Davis's Straits. The coming of the Armada put a stop to Arctic enterprise, and the London merchants said, "This Davis hath been three times employed; why hath he not found the passage?" Alas for John Davis! He could not accomplish everything even with his determined will; and the Northwest Passage remained undiscovered, to engage many a bold navigator after his day.

Brave as were Elizabeth's seadogs, Sir Richard Grenville "was conspicuous in that remarkable time for his constancy and daring." His ship, the *Revenge*, was one of twelve English ships which had been cruising in the Spanish main, and were lying at anchor off the island of Flores, when a Spanish fleet of fifty-three vessels hove in sight. Eleven got away; but Sir Richard had nearly half his men on shore sick. He would not leave them, and before he could get them on board, the Spaniards were upon him.

He only had one hundred men fit to fight; but his spirit prevailed in every one of them. Instead of trying to escape, they stood the brunt of the Spanish fleet; and fifteen Spanish galleons in turn attacked the *Revenge*, thirteen to fall back foiled and shattered, while two were sunk. Of her hundred men forty were dead, and many more wounded. Sir Richard was badly hurt early on, but kept the deck, where he was again wounded twice. His power was exhausted at last, and his ship slowly settling down into the sea, "the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony."

It was decided to blow up the ship, a desperate resolve the Spaniards anticipated, and so they kept at a safe distance from the English ship, "doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown up himself and them, knowing his dangerous disposition." So submit the English must, and did. Sir Richard was taken on board the Spanish admiral's ship, where in a few hours he sank, saying in Spanish, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, queen, religion and honor, whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant

and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do." No wonder that "at the time all England and all the world rang with the story. It struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people; it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength than the destruction of the Armada." Not long afterwards Sir Walter Raleigh ran his ship between two of the Spanish galleons which had attacked the *Revenge*, and sank both of them. In the attack on the *Revenge* the Spaniards lost two ships and over fifteen hundred men.

Nor must the Bayard of Italy be forgotten, Guiseppe Garibaldi, a patriot of the purest water. As a sailor boy he visited Rome, and he says, "Rome thenceforth became dear to me above all else on earth," and he never ceased striving till Rome was once more free from the papal yoke. He was not long in joining a secret society under Mazzini, which came to a disastrous end and left him an outlaw. He then went to South America and fought for liberty there. Again success eluded him, and he was made prisoner and cruelly treated. Shortly afterwards, however, he was in command of some ships, fighting as before. Baffled in war, he was successful in love, having approached the lady "with that determined will which never fails to command

success." And in Anita he found a helpmeet as fearless as himself. Defeat, wounds and imprisonment all were his lot, but they in no wise deterred him from further efforts; and when the revolutionary year of 1848 came, Garibaldi was helping to fight the Austrians. His name was now known, and soon he had a strong band of volunteers around him; but again defeat was in store for him. Then he was the soul of the defence of Rome. Beaten once more, he declared for Venice, but in vain; and, "baffled, sorrowful and weary," he went to Genoa. He next retired to Caprera until the French war with Austria again brought him to the front, and his chagrin at the peace of Villafranca was intense. Still Italy was progressing towards unity. Then came the revolt of Sicily against the king of Naples, and, of course, Garibaldi was once more a leader—with better fortune than before—with the result that the dynasty of the Spanish Bourbons fell to rise no more. Then came the mistake which led to Aspromonte, where he was wounded severely—and wounded, too, by the bullets of Italian royalist troops. But, nevertheless, when the war of 1866 gave the opportunity to strike a blow at Austria, Garibaldi was ready to deliver it. Once more he fought for Rome and suffered defeat; but his determination was unconquerable. At last, in fact,

Rome was free, and "the lion of freedom" felt that his work was accomplished—after so many defeats.

But now it may be well to turn to some of the victories of peace, and see how will has met circumstance on other than warlike battlefields. Fowell Buxton was no genuis, and he knew it; but he believed that "he could do as well as other men if he devoted to the pursuit double the time and labor that they did." That is, he carefully studied his different qualities and "knew his hand" and how to play it. He was a headstrong lad, but his mother said: "Never mind—he is self-willed now—you will see it turn out well in the end." She was a wise mother and guided her unruly lad with prudence, not expecting too much from him. Fortunately, at fifteen, a time when the character is forming fast, he was thrown among the Gurneys, a very cultured people, and their influence upon him was most beneficial. He took to work, did well at the university, married a Miss Gurney, and went as a clerk to his uncle's brewery "Truman and Hanbury's."

Here his determined energy carried him to the front, and he became head of the business. At thirty-two he entered parliament, where his firmness of character soon made itself felt. He took up the cause of the negro, for whom he fought with unflinching persistence. On her deathbed his wife pressed him "to make the cause

of the slaves the great object of his life." She died with this charge on her lips. On the day of the negro emancipation his daughter, named after her mother, was married, and the man who believed in "invincible determination," writing to tell a friend of the event, added, "and there is not a slave in the British colonies."

Josiah Wedgwood was the youngest of thirteen children, bred and born a potter. A very common earthenware was then all England could command of her own manufacture, and none suspected in this little delicate lad the founder of "the Potteries" as they now are. He was apprenticed to the trade, and worked as a "thrower;" not necessarily hard work, but far from easy. Shortly he had smallpox, which left behind it mischief in his right knee, ultimately necessitating the amputation of the limb years later. All this time, however, crippled as he was, he worked away, unable to take part in the sports of his companions by his knee; but, as Mr. Gladstone has said, "It sent his mind inwards; it drove him to meditate upon the laws and secrets of his art." At twenty-nine he became a master potter, desirous of taking a position in the trade. By adding silica to the clay he succeeded in making a white ware instead of the dirty-colored products hitherto made. Next he had to perfect his glazes. Then he had

to erect his furnaces. Then came the art taste. He gave long prices for old examples, which he copied accurately. Then he rediscovered the lost art of painting on "biscuit ware" practiced by the old Etruscans, and engaged Flaxman as his artist. He worked for the throne, and was made "royal potter," and not only advanced himself but did much for the district. He found pottery in a primitive state; but before he had done, England ceased to import high-class pottery, and had begun to export it largely. Wedgwood was not only a successful man, successful after much defeat, but his enterprise laid the foundation of a huge industry.

The story of Mr. S. C. Lister and "silk waste" is a most instructive one. He had already improved a wool-combing machine, by which, after very heavy expenses, he had realized a fortune, when "silk waste" took his attention. "It consisted of the waste made from the manufacture of neat silk and pierced cocoons, and as it came to Mr. Lister, looked like mutilated ropes, dirty flocks, or mucilaginous hemp, and was knotted and sticky and choked with sticks and leaves and dead silkworms." Out of this unpromising material Mr. Lister manufactured "silk velvets, velvets with a silk pile and a cotton back, silk carpets, imitation sealskin, plush velvet ribbons, corded ribbons, sewing silks, Japanese silks, poplins, silk cleaning cloths

for machinery, bath towels, floorcloths, dishcloths, and so forth. And all from the once despised silk waste!" But how much money had Mr. Lister expended, to say nothing of time and thought, before this result was attained? At one time he was no less than £350,000 out of pocket. What said Right Hon. W. E. Forster, when unveiling a statue to Mr. Lister at Bradford? He concluded: "What is it especially we are honoring? It is the pluck which this man has shown; it is the feeling that, having to do with the worsted trade, he said to himself, 'Here is something which ought to be done; I will not rest until I have found out how it can be done, and having found out how it can be done, where is the man who will stop me doing it?' Now it was upon that principle that he fought his long struggle; and so when we read the story of his struggles, ever since 1842, in his two great inventions, we raise this statue to the man who has successfully fought the battle, and hope that our sons, and the sons of all, rich and poor together, will come in after days to admire it; not merely because it gives them the form and features of a rich and successful man, but because it gives them the form and features of a man endowed with industry, with intellect, with energy, with courage, with perseverance, and who spared himself no pains in first ascertaining the conditions of the problem he had to solve, and then whose

heart never fainted, whose will never relaxed, in determining to carry out those conditions."

Sir Josiah Mason began the work of life at eight, selling cakes in the street; and it seems the little fellow was popular with his customers. This was an outdoor occupation only, so he learned shoe-making for the wet days; but as he would only work the best material, he could not make it pay. Then he improved his reading. Then he took to carpet-weaving as a Kidderminster youth, but not liking it, he went to Birmingham to see if he could find there something he did like. Here he married and went into the gilt toy trade as manager for an uncle, where he made nothing, being badly treated by his relative. Then he was introduced to a split ring maker, Harrison, who made the first steel pen seen in Birmingham, and after that he prospered. Steel pens attracted his attention, and at that time the slit was made by hand with a hammer and chisel after hardening. The secret of making the slit in the soft steel previous to hardening was the secret of the success of the steel pen manufacture. Mason worked for Perry, and became the largest steel pen-maker in the world. But "although he was the most extensive pen-maker in the world, his pens—for the greater part of the time he was in business—bore the names of those who sold them, instead of that of him who made them." With the capital

acquired by pen-making, he gave a stimulus to the electro-plating business of Elkington. The process was patented, but nobody would invest; so Elkington and Mason went into the business and worked the patent with success. People told him he would beggar himself; but they went on and success came at last—as it did with the other enterprises taken up by this resolute man. His biographer says of him: "He had, to begin with, a strong, powerful, almost irresistible will. That which he wanted he would have, and in a great measure did have. Little or great, all objects and purposes came within the range of his powerful will; and whoever and whatever he opposed, he surely conquered in the end. Not that he was blindly obstinate, or unwilling to take counsel. Another great quality which he possessed—very helpful to the accomplishment of his will—was absolute patience. He knew how to wait. With patience there went in close union a wonderful perseverance. Mason was remarkably tenacious. He held firm to his purpose, and worked it out with never-ceasing vigilance and energy." Of what he acquired with such industry he gave most lavishly.

Sir John Brown of Sheffield, of armour plate fame, was the son of a slater. "The early circumstances of the lad savored of the rough school from which so many dauntless heroes of industry have sprung, and which,

by early accustoming its pupils to a share of the buffets of the world, prepare them to resist manfully in later life the shocks of failure, discouragement and disaster." When he started the Atlas works for the production of "steel iron," he was held to be pursuing a chimera. "But the founder of the Atlas works was not a man to retreat before ridicule. Tenacity and resolution were the guardian angels of his genius; and throughout his active career they never permitted him to waver in the pursuit of an object which his judgment commended. The adverse reception of his scheme by his fellow-manufacturers, stimulated rather than dampened his determination; and before very long the men who had foretold failure came to swell the tide of his success. Such was the man: and 'Neither chance nor fortune' is the English rendering of the motto that adorns Sir John Brown's coat of arms, and the words convey with sufficient clearness the principles upon which he worked."

Of like character was Sir Titus Salt, of Saltaire. The son of a farmer, afterwards a Bradford wool-stapler, he became a buyer for his father. A certain form of wool had been regarded as suitable only for the "woollen" trade, and incapable of being drawn out into the even thread of parallel fibres which constitutes "worsted." Young Salt tried a sample of this rejected wool all ways, and urged the Bradford spinners to try it. "They de-

clined to listen to his proposals, however; so, with that dogged determination of purpose which has characterized his whole business career, he resolved that, rather than abandon the idea, he would try the experiment on his own account, and he accordingly set up as a worsted spinner and manufacturer in an old mill." He flourished. Then his attention was drawn to some "frowsy nondescript hair wool" which had long lain about a Liverpool warehouse; and he took a sample of it home with him. When he returned and offered to buy the lot, "all of the establishment stole a peep at the buyer of the 'South American stuff.' The chief clerk had the curiosity to speak to him and hear his reply. The cashier touched his coat tails. The book-keeper, a thin man in spectacles, examined his hat and gloves. The porter openly grinned at him." Still they knew the "quiet customer" was "Yorkshire." After many trials he brought out "alpacas;" and his magnificent buildings at Saltaire tell of his success.

Such are some of the stories told in that interesting book, 'Fortunes Made in Business.'

It will be apparent to all that in most of these instances genius was only inexhaustible energy and patience born of will. "Untoward accidents will sometimes happen," said Richard Sharp, "but after many, many years of thoughtful experience, I can truly say

that nearly all those who began life with me have succeeded or failed as they deserved." It is a common remark with the writer, "We get what we deserve." When William Lloyd Garrison commenced the publication of the *Liberator*, he began with these memorable words: "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and *I will be heard.*" He *has* been heard, with what result the country knows. The free negroes of America, and the white men, too, owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to William Lloyd Garrison. No abilities will bear fruit without industry and perseverance.

> "Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
> Thou stalk 'o *carle-hemp* in man."

The "firm resolve" in Burns' opinion is the first numeral in the character for success in life. Start then, reader, if unengaged, and do something; and remember "if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." That is the plan for a youth who wishes to get on in the world. It is no good to follow the example of Mr. Micawber and "wait for something to turn up." When that something does turn up, depend upon it, a sharp hard-working fellow will snap it up before the procrastinator is quite satisfied about making the effort to utilize the opportunity. Sloth, however, cannot be instantly transformed into energy.

The whole record of success tells not of fortune, or luck; but rather of earnestness and unflinching determination. We may admit that there are cases where "a stroke of luck" has done a great deal for a man; but that man was certainly in a position to make the most of the luck when it came his way. He had not dwadled before; but had been ready to seize opportunity by her forelock. And never in the world's history was the competition so great, so keen, in every line of life as it is at the present day. Crowding, pushing, elbowing their way, men must work now to hold their own, let alone to get ahead of their competitors. The man who is satisfied with perfunctory work will find himself losing ground year after year, dropping astern in the race of life, getting the worst of it in the struggle for existence, learning that

> "It is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings,"

at the end of life wishing for another "start."

It is not only in discovery, land or maritime, in warfare, whether in arms or peaceful arts, dogged perseverance has overcome obstacles apparently insurmountable. One of the most distinguished men of science of to-day tells us how he started in a humble position in life. Professor Tyndall, F. R. S., commenced in the

Ordnance Survey as the first step to becoming a civil engineer. A year or two later he joined the Preston Mechanics' Institute. When surveying for railroads he had to get his sleep as he could by snatches of a few minutes at a time on a deal table with Babbage and Callet's 'Logarithms' for a pillow. Later on he accepted a post at Queenwood College, in Hampshire, from whence he fought his way to a university life in Germany by means of his hard-earned savings, won by such toil and such self-denial. Respected and honored as he now is, standing on a conspicuous pinnacle of fame, he climbed up from lowly beginnings by a very steep gradient indeed.

Law and medicine contain many instructive stories of success won by long endeavor, unending toil and dogged perseverance. Space will not permit of instances being quoted here. A word or two, however, may be said about the late Dr. Mahomed. Finding that his prospects in London would be furthered by becoming a graduate of an English university, he took up his residence in Cambridge, where he kept his terms by sleeping there at nights. Each morning saw him enter the train and study there, his work in London occupying the day, after which he would return to Cambridge to carry on his studies as an undergraduate. While a hard-working London physician, with many hospital

duties to discharge, he went through a Cambridge undergraduate's labors—as it were, in the hours of relaxation.

One more example of the successful struggle of "will over circumstance" is furnished by the career of the late Postmaster-General, Mr. Fawcett. When a youth, he was blinded by a gunshot. To most men complete blindness would have been a comparative death-blow as to a career in life. Not so to Mr. Fawcett. He determined to win a living, maimed though he was. He carried on his studies at Cambridge, and became a professor; he went into public life; he studied India till the natives called him their "blind champion;" he threw himself into politics; he rose to be a legislator, and was the most active postmaster-general we have yet known since Rowland Hill. In speaking of his failure to win Brighton, Allanson Picton writes: "But indeed he was one of those unconquerable natures to which defeat seems only to give fresh impulse towards victory." Not only did he accomplish all this by dint of an indomitable will, but, what is even more wonderful, he determined to continue his outdoor sports. Blind though he was, he rowed and pulled stroke; by linking arms with a friend he skated; he rode on horseback; and, what is more, he continued to angle. After his death, the *Illustrated News* gave illustrations of him so oc-

cupied, and also of his appearance at the counter of a London restaurant, all of which tell of the unconquerable will which alone enabled him to do all this. Once, when out with a friend, a blind beggar asked alms. Mr. Fawcett asked him why he begged. He pleaded he was blind and could do nothing. Mr. Fawcett replied, "I am blind too, but I earn my living." But then few men have had such intensity of purpose about them. Blindness does not incapacitate some men. Zisca, the Hussite general, was blind; but for all that he was a most formidable opponent. John Metcalfe, though blind, spent his time in planning out roads, especially on the Peak of Derbyshire; just about the last thing one would think a blind man was fit for. Such examples tell that even hopeless darkness cannot prevent a man taking his place amongst the world's workers, though it must make life very hard to him.

It is simply impossible to do justice to woman's will, to feminine volitional dynamics, because she exercises it, or them over those in immediate relation with her rather than in a public manner. We have heard of how Queen Philippa ruled when her husband was abroad; of the deeds of Margaret of Anjou. We know the public influence exercised by Queen Mary under the incentive of Castilian bigotry; of the indomitable will of Mary, Queen of Scots, up to the last moment when her un-

daunted head was laid on the block; we know the heroic part played by Henrietta Maria in aid of her husband, King Charles the First; we know how Caroline of Anspach, with her minister Sir Robert Walpole, ruled England. Still more do we see a public character in Elizabeth, "good Queen Bess." Whatever may have been the taint of the Boleyn blood, Elizabeth was surrounded by such a phalanx of faithful men as no other queen—even Maria Theresa, Catharine of Russia, Cleopatra, Semiramis, or Boadicea—ever gathered round her, all of whom served her willingly. She had queenly attributes which command them, despite her crooked ways in diplomacy. When Spain was striving to crush England "the national unity" proved stronger than the religious strife. When the Catholic lords flocked to the camp at Tilbury, or put off to join the fleet in the Channel, Elizabeth could pride herself on a victory as great as the victory over the Armada. She had won it by her patience and moderation, by her refusal to lend herself to the fanaticism of the Puritan or the reaction of the Papist, by her sympathy with the mass of the people, by her steady and unflinching preference of national unity to any passing considerations of safety or advantage. For thirty years, amidst the shock of religious passions at home and abroad, she had reigned not as a Catholic or as a Protestant queen, but as a queen

of England; and it was to England, Catholic and Protestant alike, that she could appeal in her hour of need. "Let tyrants fear," she exclaimed in words that still ring like the sound of a trumpet, as she appeared among her soldiers. "Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself, that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects! And therefore I am come among you, as you see, resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live and die amongst you all." Who would not serve under such a queen?

The instance of Joan of Arc, "the Maid of Orleans," is one of remarkable influence, difficult to explain now; but surely not to be explained by the hypothesis which burnt her alive at the stake as a witch!

The tendency of the present age is to respect the character of women, as did our Norse forefathers with their "Alrunen maidens." Chivalry ended in the corruption of woman; it professed to hold her a goddess; but, in fact, it degraded her to a plaything, and placed her in the lowest position a woman can hold. No attempt was made to cultivate her understanding, consequently she was left to the mercy of her impulses—capricious and wilful.

"The man's a fool who tries by force or skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will;

For when she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And when she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't,"

might have been a fair conclusion on the part of the cynical poet at a bypast time, but it is not fair to women now. The woman's part is in relation to the inner life of man. In the nursery she moulds the character, and we can only pity the child brought up among hirelings. She watches over the mental growth when the trying time of adolescence comes; she is an intimate friend and counselor, the best a man can have if a true woman—capable of understanding anything and everything so far as one she loves is concerned therein. She may at times be useful as a public character, like Harriet Martineau; but the domestic sphere is rather hers, and her results are seen in the outward actions of men under her hidden influence. The men of a household are often very much what the women of it make them!

THE WILL-FIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

THE WILL FIGHT.

"He holds him with his glittering eye,
The marriage guest stood still,
And listens like a three-year child;
The mariner hath his will."

—COLERIDGE.

THE conflict of will, the power to command others, has been spoken of frequently in the preceding chapters. Yet, what is this will-power which influences others? What is it that makes us accept, and adopt, too, the advice of one person while precisely the same advice from another has been rejected? It is the weight or force of will which insensibly influences us: the force of will behind the advice. That is what it is! The person who thus forces his or her advice upon us has no more power to enforce it than others; but all the same we do as requested. We accept from one what we reject from another. One person says of something contemplated, "Oh, but you must not," yet we do it all

the same, though that person may be in a position to make us regret the rejection of that counsel. Another person says, "Oh, but you mustn't," and we desist, though we may, if so disposed, set this latter person's opinion at defiance with impunity. It is not the fear of consequences, nor of giving offence, which determines the adoption of the latter person's advice, while it has been rejected when given by the first. It depends upon the character or will-power of the individual advising whether we accept the advice or reject it. This character often depends little if at all in some cases, upon the intellect, or even on the moral qualities, the goodness or badness of the individual. It is itself an imponderable something; yet it carries weight with it. This will is seen in the nursery, where one child is master, nobody exactly knows how. It is not particularly combative, nor is it stubborn in conflict; it may even be more than ordinarily obedient to those in authority over it: but it is master of its peers, and lords it over its brothers and sisters. It possesses its character in fact. It holds its place by the possession of that will-power which brings men to the front in emergencies, as was the case with Clive in India. There may be abler men, cleverer men; but it is the one possessed of will who rises to the surface at these times—the one who can by some subtle power make other men obey him.

All successful schoolmasters, and still more schoolmistresses, possess this power to a marked extent. Without it they could never have been successful; it is the secret of their success, indeed—that which enables them to bear down and overcome the will of recalcitrant and rebellious pupils. One of the masters who possesses it to a marked degree under a very pleasant exterior, told me once, in answer to a question about the management of boys, his own plan with an insubordinate boy. "If you have made up your mind to be stubborn and do your own way," he says to him, "why, of course, you will have it; nobody can prevent you. But if you think I am going to fight with you, you are mistaken. I shall simply get rid of you." Youthful ardor cools quickly at this. The boy is gratified by the admission that if determined to be stubborn, he will be successful; his vanity is soothed; at the same time he recognizes the uselessness of attempting to go on only to be removed from the scene where he wished to be "the observed of all observers." The will underlying the master is quite as strong as his own, he finds out, while the teacher has the advantage of being master of the situation. Schoolmistresses, by dint of long practice, become adepts at crushing a wilful pupil, and the successful conflict is often impressed upon them till it is even visible to the eye. It indeed sometimes stands

in their way when they, in turn, have to receive orders. No weak-willed medical man will ever succeed in making a successful schoolmistress do what is disagreeable to herself, unless he has her on his side of her own will and judgment!

It has always seemed to me that the possession of this will-power is invaluable to those who have charge of the insane; and that an asylum superintendent lacking will-power is never more than a moderate success.

It was the possession of this will-power in Jermyn which made Mrs. Transome subservient to him against the dictates of her intellect, in spite of his neglect of her when his ends were served, a horrible consciousness for a woman; she knew how deeply she was wronged, yet she was mute when they met, which carried the guilty conscience of the one on steadily when the other faltered. Mrs. Transome was a keen-witted woman, fond of authority, delighting in keeping her tenants under her thumb; yet she could make no fight at all when the conflict lay with Jermyn, albeit she despised him—and had good grounds for her contempt. With all these potent forces in action, she was subordinate to him; he was the victor and she the vanquished in the will fight. It was this quality in her son Harold that soon made her feel that she was "only an old woman" to him. It was part, and a strong part of that fatherhood

which Harold hated, and which made Mrs. Transome dread conflict betwixt the son and his father. The possession of this will-power made Harold crush Jermyn when the time and the opportunity came. Its possession by Jermyn enabled him in turn to poison the rest of Harold's life, and made his victory scarcely worth the price paid for it. Jermyn knew what that disclosure would cost him, yet he deliberately made it. The further results George Eliot has not chosen to sketch for us; we can conjecture that in the end there was pretty much a drawn battle; they were equally matched, and the result remained doubtful. In neither father nor son did the feelings of the woman count for anything; and yet that woman was no fool or weakling, and stood in intimate relations to both. Indeed, as regards will and character, Mrs. Transome was a Lingon, and master of most of the people with whom she came in contact. It was this will power which placed Oliver Cromwell at the head of his peers; it was this force that made Napoleon a master of men, however conscious they were of his brutal indifference to them—except so far as they could be useful to him; it was that indeed which enabled him to command men, more even than his intellect. The intellect failed in its calculations at last, and his career ended in disaster. In his vain, illusive attempt to erect once more the empire of Charlemagne, to rule from

the Atlantic to the Carpathian mountains, his will-power was the most remarkable of a most remarkable person. In Prince Bismarck the will power has the same resistless energy about it, which bears down all opposition. William the Conqueror had it, and so have had most successful men. It is present in the successful merchant, and is almost indispensable in the person who is brought largely in contact with a variety of individuals. The manufacturer may command success from the fertility of his brains and the combinations he can form and have carried out by others; but where the personal element is constantly being tested by its possession is indispensable for success. Yet it is not courage or bravery merely! It entails the necessity for the co-existence of courage, could scarcly indeed exist without it. But mere physical courage is not character.

It is certainly not intellect. We not uncommonly see in a household a clever, accomplished, learned man, respected outside his house by every one but a nonentity in it. He is dominated over by a commonplace woman, a shrew, who never possessed either good looks or money to entitle her to rule with despotic sway. Yet she does so, all the same! Her servants know what she is, yet they feel compelled to obey her. She does not indulge in outbursts of violence, yet she gets her own way. Her children know it will be the worse for

them if they do not attend to her monitions as well as her admonitions, yet they are indifferent as to whether they comply with their father's requests or not. They may brave his displeasure safely; he cannot enforce a compliance with his wishes, and they know she will not compel them in this matter. He knows well the position, feels the yoke gall, sees the utter falsity of the thing, its mockery of domestic life, yet he does not rebel. The intellect, the good sense, the clear conscience, the wish to do right are all there. He may possess wealth, birth and culture, and she may have none of these; but in the will fight she is master—as was the case with John and Sarah Churchill.

This will struggle goes on universally. In the young aristocrat, who gets his tailor to make another advance in defiance of his conviction that he will never get his money back. It goes on betwixt lawyer and client, betwixt doctor and patient, betwixt banker and borrower, betwixt buyer and seller. It is not the tact which enables a person behind a counter to induce customers to buy what they did not intend to buy, and which, when bought, gives them no satisfaction, though it is linked therewith for the tact to be successful. Whenever two persons meet in business, or any other relation in life up to love-making, there is this will-fight going on, commonly enough without any consciousness

of the struggle. There is a dim consciousness of the result, but none of the processes. It often takes years of the intimacy of married life to find out with whom of the pair the mastery really lies. Often the far stronger character, to all appearance, has to yield; it is this will element which underlies the statement, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." In 'Middlemarch' we find in Lydgate a grand aggregation of qualities, yet shallow, hard, selfish Rosamond masters him thoroughly in the end. He was not deficient in will-power, possessed more than an average share indeed of character; but in the fight he went down at last under the onslaught of the intense stubborn will of his narrow-minded spouse. Their will contest was the collision of a large, warm nature, like a capable human hand, with a hard, narrow, selfish nature, like a steel button: the hand only bruised itself while the button remained unaffected.

So with Marlborough and his Sarah. "Though it is impossible to discover in anything she ever did, said or wrote, any indication of superior understanding, her fierce passions and strong will enable her often to rule a husband who was born to rule grave senates and mighty armies. His courage, that courage which the most perilous emergencies of war only made cooler and more steady, failed him when he had to encounter his

Sarah's ready tears and voluble reproaches, the poutings of her lip and the tossing of her head. History exhibits to us few spectacles more remarkable than that of a great and wise man who, when he had combined vast and profound schemes of policy, could carry them into effect only by inducing one foolish woman, who was often unmanageable, to manage another woman more foolish still" (Queen Anne).

This will-power is seen in the man who abides his time, who knows how to wait—which involves the "when" and the "why." Circumstances may stand in his way, and he must wait; but the will is neither bent, broken, nor sapped by that fact, and is all along as assertive as ever—even when apparently in abeyance. Yet character is not mere perseverance. Again, it is something more. It is an entity of itself! Probably one of the best illustrations of it is that furnished by a Staffordshire story told me by a friend of mine. He and some others were driving through some of the less civilized parts of that county, when they called at a house, the owner of which was very proud of the savagery and prowess of his house-dog. He was expatiating on this theme to his visitors, and declared he would like to see any man go within the dog's chain. "Go within his chain!" said the driver, a native of the county, the tone of his voice telling of his wounded

egotism, his powers thus impugned. "Why, I'll fetch him out by the ears for a quart of ale!" With this, he threw his coat up well over his head, like a huge cowl, and then on all fours he steadily approached the dog. Had the dog recognized he was a man, he would probably have known how to fight him; flown at him and seriously worried him without a moment's hesitation. But the dog had no previous experience of such an animal as was now before him, and passively looked at this new object. The struggle was reduced to a pure "will fight," fought by the eyes. As the strange animal manifested no fear, the dog had to give in; had the stranger flinched, or his eye lost its steady look of composure for a moment, the dog would have been on to him in an instant. But he *would* not be afraid, so the dog had to, and retreated into his kennel, whither the new animal followed him, and dragged him out of the kennel by his ears—howling with terror and dismay. Here the will fight was fought out without any complications; the man was a rough fellow, but he understood something of fighting, and, what was more, something of the nature of dogs. He knew he had the dog at a disadvantage, and that if he showed no fear, the dog necessarily must. Yet there was no reason to suppose that the dog was less savage or less courageous after the en-

counter than before, when he had to contend with a natural object with which he was familiar.

The steady conflict of the eye is familiar to many of us. The boy looks at his mother to see if she is in earnest in her threat; when older he likewise looks at his schoolmaster to read his purpose. Two men or women look at each other steadily; no word is said, yet the conflict is over soon, and one walks ahead of the other ever after. Oliver Wendell Holmes knows the will fight well, and describes it thus:

"The Koh-i-noor's face turned so white with rage that his blue-black mustache and beard looked fearful seen against it. He grinned with wrath, and caught at a tumbler, as if he would have thrown its contents at the speaker. The young Marylander fixed his clear, steady eye upon him, and laid his hand on his arm, carelessly almost, but the Jewel felt it was held so that he could not move it. It was of no use. The youth was his master in muscle, and in that deadly Indian hug in which men wrestle with their eyes, over in five seconds, but breaks one of their two backs, and is good for three-score years and ten, one trial enough—settles the whole matter—just as when two feathered songsters of the barnyard, game and dunghill, come together. After a jump or two at each other, and a few sharp kicks, there is an end of it; and it is '*Apres vous, monsieur,*'

with the beaten party in all the social relations for all the rest of his days."

Emily Bronte sketched out her ideal of a being possessed of immense will-power in a thorough ruffian—Heathcliff. A massive, muscular brute! Well, it was a girl's conception of a strong man; but I think I have seen some quiet, inoffensive-looking men in spectacles, who could very soon have shown the ruffian where the superiority lay. "Hereward the Wake," the last of the Saxons, would probably have given a satisfactory account of him in no long time, and perhaps not have felt very acutely conscious of having performed any great feat therein.

It is a great mistake to suppose that this will is disposed to air itself on all occasions; far from it. It often has a tendency to conceal itself, and is not rarely found under an exterior of much pleasantness. There are men, and women, too, who present an appearance of such politeness that they seem to possess no will of their own; they apparently exist merely to do what is agreeable to others; but just wait till the time comes, and then the latent will-power is revealed, and we find under this *gant de velour* the *main de fer*—and no mistake about it. It is the secret of the diplomatist. Talleyrand possessed it to a remarkable degree, and was a cool, bold, successful diplomatist, who knew men thor-

oughly; Metternich aspired to be a Talleyrand by active deceit—not by seeing through men, but by essaying to mislead them—and his attempt produced an impression very unfortunate for Austrian diplomacy. Cavour possessed the power, and used it wisely. Of course it depends upon the qualities with which it is linked how far this will-power may be a useful attribute, or only tend to make an evil character more pronounced.

Tricks are played with this will-power when in actual conflict. The barrister, familiar with the scene around him, practised in the wiles of cross-examination, can browbeat or confuse a witness for whom he is no match if placed on a fair field, without favor or advantage. Lord Coleridge overcame the famous claimant at first; but a day or two's familiarity with the performance, and the claimant fairly worsted him, completely vanquished him indeed. The advantage of being on a known field is acknowledged from the cock who is master of his own dunghill upwards illimitably. Advantage may be possessed or taken of another so that the will fight has not a fair field, one of the two being handicapped. This may do all very well for that individual contest or wrestle; but the time will come, sooner or later, if the contest continues, when the fight will be made on equal terms, and then the issue is reversed.

The blusterer and the procrastinator are neither possessed of much will-power, and it is simply amusing, as well as psychologically interesting, to see a blusterer in authority disposing of a matter finally, as he vainly imagines, when really the matter is but being opened up, not settled at all. But the blusterer likes to cherish the idea that the battle is over, the matter disposed of, and he is victorious. Indeed, he feels rather injured when he discovers the actual state of affairs, and is inclined to think that he has been misled by others when he has only deceived himself.

In connection with the will fight stands "the utility of etiquette." By a fence of formality, two wills are kept apart when a conflict is probable. The will fight is, as Oliver Wendell Holmes puts it, a "deadly Indian hug;" it is impossible for it to be conducted when the opponents are separated at some distance from each other. Consequently etiquette is a sure protection, and is nearly equal to "the dignity that doth hedge a king." Society has its unwritten laws of etiquette, which keep the will fight from coming off as frequently as it otherwise would do. They tend, by prohibiting conflict, to allow persons to associate together on terms of equality for long without finding out which is the stronger and which the weaker, as regards the bulk of persons, and so keep off any sense of discomfiture from

those to whom it soon would be brought home if not so protected.

Leaders of society, male and female, have to fight their way upwards; a look, a curl of the upper lip, a shrug of the shoulders, and some one is down never to rise again. At other times the two approach each other, and perhaps never really come to fight till battle is necessary and unavoidable. They spar at each other at times, just to keep up the mutual measure of each other; but this mimic war is quite sufficient to keep those around in awe and in order—to remind them of that brief bypast struggle in which they went down before the resistless force of the volitional dynamics of these born rulers. "The drawn battle," the confession of equality, is not quite unknown, and as quarrels in war have been regarded as equal, and it is impossible to award the palm of victory to either, so in diplomacy, in politics, in society, yea, even municipal councils and in vestries, "the drawn battle" is not unknown or unrecognized—though not formulated in words.

Real power disdains the protection of formality. The consciousness of strength is sufficient in itself. The owner of will force is not afraid to let another come close to him, in his confidence in his capacity to hold his own is open to attack indeed. Feebleness builds round it its fence of formality. Especially is this the case when

age is laying its palsying hand on men. Who does not know that proper, strict, decorous, staid old gentleman who is the chairman of a board of guardians, or the senior magistrate of a petty session? Never perhaps conspicuous for his intellect at his best, the element of cunning shows itself the more clearly when advancing age is cutting down the higher qualities. Conscious of waning capacity, he resorts to the protection of formality, and keeps every one at a distance—so far as is possible. He has to be treated with the greatest deference; no expression of opinion of his must be talked of lightly; no irreverent junior must call in question or venture to debate on his oracular utterances; the clerk bows before him in unquestioning loyalty and faith. The prosy old gentleman raises difficulties which never existed except in his own brain, and then revels in the idea of his cleverness in laying these creations of his imagination; but the rest must look on gravely and seriously; the slightest expression of doubt as to the reality of the mimic performance would excite the keenest indignation in the senile actor. Deference he expects, and will have if he can enforce it; and generally he is in such a position that he can make it too unpleasant to fight with him, until something serious actually does necessitate conflict. And so the farce goes on until it becomes necessary to stop it, and the old gentleman has to be bowled

gently over, to his profound horror and astonishment, when some competent person tackles him in earnest. His senile stockade of formality and etiquette has served long to protect the failing brain by keeping every one at a distance, except those who approach with deference and humility, with a distinct consciousness of the distance at which he stood above them. It also served to keep off any bolder spirit who might threaten to intrude upon his mental privacy. If he possesses a considerable amount of tact, the real state of matters may never be discovered in public; or those who do discover it keep their secret to themselves. The women of his household, however, know exactly how matters stand, and flatter him by wearing that deferential air he loves to see in all around him. But they manœuvre him all the same, and amuse and occupy his time in domestic intrigues and petty diplomacy, which have a special attraction for the brain that has seen its best days. The poor old gentleman lives on, dimly conscious of his being an imposture; requiring more flattery and more fooling as he becomes more fatuous. Yet to one who knows anything of the systematic study of character, the whole game is transparent enough; just as he knows that certain savages erect stockades around otherwise unprotected villages, carry the stockade, and the village is defenceless. When he sees the stockade he

knows from the habits of the natives the state of the village within. When he sees an old gentleman fenced in by a stockade of formality, he knows perfectly well the helplessness of the individual behind it. Just knock down the stockade and come to close quarters, and the contest is over; the poor old pretender has no reserves, no refuge left to him. It is not the strength of the imposing-looking stockade of etiquette, it is the ignorance of others who are impressed by it, that is his real protection. His defence is no defence when the assailant knows the whole circumstances. But it is wanton cruelty to undeceive the old man unnecessarily; the overthrow of his rampart is only justifiable when necessity in a good cause compels it. It would not be fair to unearth this pretence at capacity wantonly, to expose the unreality of his defences to public gaze out of mere mischievousness, simply because a knowledge of the reality exists, and detects the sham of his elaborate social stockade.

Close quarters are involved in the conflict of the will fight; consequently society, though only "seeing through a glass darkly," recognizes the utility of etiquette as well as the convenience of social laws. But "senile stockades" do not impose on everybody.*

* This chapter appeared almost as it stands some time ago in *Good Words*.

This matter of stockades of etiquette is thus spoken of by White, the author of 'The Eighteen Christian Centuries,' when explaining the court formalities of the Roman emperors, contrasting, as they did, with republican simplicity: "It was from deep policy Diocletian introduced this system. Ceremony imposes on the vulgar and makes intimacy impossible. Etiquette is the refuge of failing power, and compensates by external show for inherent weakness, as stiffness and formality are the refuge of dullness and mediocrity in private life." The device by which Diocletian imposed on the Roman senators has been constantly, if unconsciously, adopted by those who wish to impose by an unreal strength. It is deceit, imposture; and as it ultimately failed with the Roman emperors of old, so it fails with modern imitators. It is the opposite of the words spoken by Isaiah—"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." It is indeed a vain and weak device, only imposing on the vulgar.

THE WILL IN DISEASE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WILL IN DISEASE.

"YOU must have a blister on or you will die," said her physician to the redoubtable Sarah, first Duchess of Marlborough, when suffering from pleurisy. "I will not have a blister on, and I will not die," said the indomitable Sarah. And she did neither. The woman who mastered John Churchill and Anne Stuart was not going to succumb to a pleurisy! And in disease the influence of the will is as potent as elsewhere. It cannot rescue a person from the clutch of a mortal malady; but if the disease is compatible with recovery, the will makes the difference often betwixt death and life.

When Douglas Jerrold was once at death's door, and the physician told him he must die, his answer was: "What, and leave a family of helpless children? I won't die!" and die he did not, at that time at least. A strong motive to live positively keeps some people alive, as it

did with Douglas Jerrold. The will stands in some curious relations to health, or rather disturbances of health. The cases of imaginary disease which rest casually upon disorder of the will or morbid manifestation of will, seen outside of asylums, are not rare. They occur mostly in young women, usually those who may be said to be of a nervous constitution. Sometimes the patient is highly intelligent; at other times the nervous system is but imperfectly developed. Be that as it may, a disorder of the will takes place, and this in turn starts some bodily malady in which it finds expression. Sometimes there is loss of speech; sometimes there is paralysis, maybe of the legs, maybe of one limb; or the patient declares her inability to get up from her bed, as not unfrequently happens with not very strong-minded girls after an unsuccessful love affair; or the young female declines to eat, like the Welsh fasting girl.

The malady is not hysterical, though possessing many features in common with hysteria. The friends are greatly alarmed at first, but a reaction usually sets in. If the relatives continue very sympathizing, the malady will persist. Hypochondriasis is another morbid state where the will is in abeyance. Of insanity and the will little can be said here. In many cases it seems as if the patient had but to make an effort to throw off the incubus, the

impression which predominates him or her. But then the patient just cannot make that effort any more than Dickens' dying lady, and

> "lies widowed
> Of the power which bows the will."

Whether persistent attention directed to any one part and long maintained ever ends in actual disease of the said part, may not be affirmed. It is a matter to which systematic attention has not yet been paid. On the contrary, many cures can only be explained by the mental impression the material agent employed has made, and through the mind the body is reached. "Conceit can kill and conceit can cure," is an old north country saying as to the effect of faith in remedies in some morbid conditions.

The will in acute diseases is in many cases most potent. If the patient has no strong motive to live, the struggle is soon over, the resistance is feeble. This is a well-known matter in medical practice. If a sick person really ill becomes convinced that the grave is the only prospect, the desired result is almost always brought about. Where there exists a strong motive to live, no matter whether selfish or unselfish, a successful struggle is often the result. Aaron Burr, when a young man, "laid aside a wasting disease like a garment" in order

to join Arnold on his raid against Quebec, and a very arduous undertaking it was. The question of will in relation to the progress of disease is constantly met with in medical practice. On the other hand, given a woman of ardent temperament with sufficient motive to live, and nothing but mortal disease can kill her. The same may be said of the hardy old folks of the north. Joe, in "Jo and the Jolly Gist" (geologist), said of his father: "Fadder deed! He's none o't' deing mak'. We's hev to worry fadder when his time's come; he'll niver dee of his sel' so lang as there's wark to hound yan on till." The effect of disease upon the will is curious. The consumptive is sanguine to the last, often even when death is impending. The cancerous patient meets death with a sullen defiance; the pyæmic patient, after the first long shivering fit, maintains an attitude of indifference. In chronic disease, certain mental relations of bodily maladies can be traced. Where there has been habitual long depression, the spirits become permanently lowered; the past can never be rased out of the memory. The brain long ill-fed with blood will take an habitually gloomy view of everything; all is painted in with Indian ink, and it is most difficult to dispel the gloom. When the liver is upset the brain is poisoned with toxic "liver stuffs," and melancholy (literally "black bile" in Greek) is the result.

"The yellow gall that in your bosom floats,
Engenders all these melancholy thoughts,"

wrote Dryden, who perhaps had some bitter personal experiences on the subject. Even a very firm will is taxed to bear up under such bodily conditions, and appropriate measures for bodily relief may be resorted to with advantage. "Talk of champagne," wrote Byron, "for clearing your thoughts! There is nothing like Epsom salts." The "bilious" are rarely hopeful; as a class they are a depressed race, though often tenacious of purpose. Just so gout creates a mental condition of irritability blended with depression, as Sydenham describes. A "gouty brain" is a legitimate expression; and we can no more expect a brain poisoned with gout to work smoothly than we can expect an elastic tread with a gouty foot. For the brain, "as the organ of mind," is affected by bodily conditions. What says Dr. B. W. Richardson, F. R. S., who first made clear certain affections of the heart? "The man or woman with a hesitating heart is thereby unfitted for sudden tasks, demands, resolves, which, when the heart is firm, are considered of little moment, for when the heart hesitates, the brain, which reposes for its power on the blood the heart supplies to it, falters with the heart, just as the gas flickers when the steady pressure is taken off the main. From these circumstances some persons,

who once were known as resolute and determined, lose those qualities when they are subjected to intermittent action of the heart, becoming, as their friends say, uncertain and doubtful in character; becoming, as they themselves feel and know, less the masters of themselves and less secure in their own work and skill and power." We use the terms "stout-hearted" and "faint-hearted" in secret acknowledgment of the relations of the brain "as an organ of mind" to the vigor of the heart. The Hebrew priest was ordered to approach the Israelitish host when going into battle. "And shall say unto them, Hear, O Israel: ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies: let not your hearts faint, fear not, and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them." And what was good for the Israelites going into battle is good for men inclining to falter when fighting the battle of life. A faint-hearted person is not likely to be successful in any arduous undertaking; in one matter at least, there is a proverb to this effect: "Faint heart never won fair lady." In courtship, courage is requisite if the fair one be coy; and no woman in the world was ever won by a man who lacked courage—though she may possibly consent to marry him.

There are other bodily conditions than a hesitating heart where the will is broken. Long continued wearing battle with circumstance saps the will-power of all

except those who possess it in its highest development. It is not every one who can snatch success out of defeat, as Napoleon did at Marengo. Robert Bruce found himself much sustained by the spider's performance, in his latter efforts against the dominant English, and wrenched Scotland from the grip of the Norman-English at last. When the will fails the battle is lost. When a man feels he can no longer bear up, or make further effort, he is worsted.

It is impossible to conclude this subject without a few words about the effect of toxic agents upon the will-power, especially alcohol and chloral hydrate. The effect of long indulgence in alcohol is to enfeeble the mind. The chronic drunkard exhibits a childish range of thought in one case; in another, an impish malice, which, fortunately, is only held in check by that intense disinclination to act common with chronic alcoholism. It is usually not difficult to fire him to a resolution when under the exhilarating effects of drink; but when the drink is dead in him the will goes with it. Macaulay says of the Jacobite plotters against the life of William III.: "It was universally remarked that the malcontents looked wiser than usual when they were sober, and bragged more than usual when they were drunk." And of Preston, who was in the tower under sentence of death for being concerned in a Jacobite plot, he says:

"He was informed that his fate depended on himself. The struggle was long and severe. Pride, conscience, party spirit were on one side, the intense love of life on the other. He went during a time irresolutely to and fro. He listened to his brother Jacobites, and his courage rose. He listened to the agents of the Government, and his heart sank within him. In an evening when he had dined and drunk his claret, he feared nothing. He would die like a man, rather than save his neck by an act of baseness. But his temper was very different when he woke the next morning, when the courage he had drawn from wine and company had evaporated, when he was alone with iron gates and stone walls, and when the thought of the block, the axe, and the sawdust rose in his mind. During some time, he regularly wrote a confession every forenoon when he was sober, and burned it every night when he was merry." So it is with the chronic drunkard, only in a more pronounced degree. He is always bragging of what he will do, or might have done; he is in the potential mood —might, could, should or would—and never in the indicative mood, except as to the future tense—never as to the past tense. He is misleading, not always by design, but because he misleads himself first and others after. Irresolution is his characteristic, except as to selfishness and his immediate wants. In order to supply

himself with the drink he craves for, he will sell his ancestral acres, or pawn the prospects of his wife and children. But as to any other prompt or sustained action he is impotent.

Then as to the effects of chloral hydrate, the misuse of which is, unfortunately, so very common at the present time. The sleepless person secretly drinks a draught of chloral, and gains the coveted sleep; but at what cost! The chloral puts the brain to sleep partly by direct action upon it, partly by reducing the amount of blood going to it; and the latter condition tends to persist. Consequently, the person who slept on chloral finds the brain the next day unequal to its best efforts; the blood pressure on the brain cannot be worked up as before, and a horrid sense of lethargy, in time, settles upon the individual. Less work is done, but nevertheless by greater effort; the will is impaired, and again impotence is stealing on. These two toxic enemies of the will-power are responsible for an immensity of ill around us at the present day.

The will, or perhaps rather its direction, is also swayed by fashions of thought. We all now stand aghast at "The Prince" of Nicolas Macchiavelli; yet there is nò evidence that Macchiavelli was any worse than other people of his age; indeed, he was rather a favorable specimen, probably. The wickedness of the

Romish Church in the sixteenth century has been referred to before in discussing the Guise qualities of the Stuarts. And no wonder when the Borgias were in his power! Cæsar Borgia (called commonly Duke of Valentine) was the acknowledged son of Pope Alexander VI. (a brutal, sensuous, low-browed ruffian), and "got several fair territories by the fortune of his father, Pope Alexander."* It gives us a curious insight into these hellish times, "when murder was parricide and lust was incest," as Hallam says, that the head of a celibate church should have acknowledged a son. The age was frenzied with wickedness and cruelty; seemingly unconscious of its enormities. When the paternal pontiff died, his son took sundry measures for the protection of his own interests. "The first thing he feared was lest the next pope should be his enemy, and reassume all that Alexander had given him, to prevent which he proposed four ways. The first was by destroying the whole line of those lords whom he had dispossessed, that his Holiness might have no occasion to restore them. The second was to cajole the nobility in Rome, and draw them over to his party, that thereby he might

* It is a curious comment on these times that when Borgia was elected to the papal throne, the other competitor who came nearest to him was a Sforza, the son of a bastard adventurer of fortune (son of another mercenary).

put an awe and restraint upon the Pope. The third was, if possible, to make the College (of Cardinals) his friends. The fourth was to make himself so strong before the death of his father, as to be able to stand upon his own legs, and repel the first violence that should be practised against him." There is not one redeeming quality, one solitary trait of decent feeling of what we call humanity in these schemes; nothing but naked, unveiled selfishness. No wonder that people of that day talked of selling themselves to the devil. This earthly fiend is the pattern Macchiavelli holds up as an example to be followed by others, a ruthless monster in modern eyes.

He writes: "Upon serious examination, therefore, of the whole conduct of Duke Valentine, I see nothing to be reprehended; it seems rather proper to me to propose him, as I have done, as an example for the imitation of all such as, by the favor of fortune or the supplies of other princes, have got into the saddle, for his mind being so large, and his intentions so high, he could not do otherwise, and nothing could have opposed the greatness and wisdom of his designs but his own infirmity and the death of his father. He, therefore, who thinks it necessary in the minority of his dominion to secure himself against his enemies, to gain himself friends, to overcome whether by force or fraud, to make himself beloved

or feared by his people, to be followed and reverenced by his soldiers, to destroy and exterminate such as would do him injury, to repeal and suppress old laws and introduce new, to be severe, grateful, magnanimous, liberal, cashier and disband such of his army as were unfaithful, and put new in their places; manage himself so in his alliances with kings and princes that all of them should be either obliged to requite him, or himself so in his alliances with kings and princes that afraid to offend him; he, I say, cannot find a fresher or better model than the actions of this prince." This is the gospel of Satan with a vengeance—the calm deliberate inculcation of fiendishness. And this was the teaching against which Teutonic honesty rose in revolt in the Reformation! No wonder the Protestants believe in their superiority in the sight of God over the men who could profess to serve the Christian God, and yet "were denying and blaspheming Him in every action of their lives." No wonder that the Guise Stuarts, bred in such a creed, should have practiced as they did; and that after the struggle was over, England cut them off from the throne forever by the Act of the Protestant Succession. It was a will to do evil, not a will to do good! It was the doing evil by design. It was this spirit of which Junius complained when accusing the Duke of Grafton—a descendant of the Guise Stuarts—

when he said: "If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she could have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that was ever employed under a limited monarch to accomplish the ruin of a free people." Where this spirit of antagonism to all that is human first started, it seems impossible to say; but once called into being, it ran as a foul stream through generation after generation for centuries.

The moral of it all is that the will may cut two ways —for good or evil, towards making angels or devils. Mighty as the will is, the first numeral in character, the next is principle in this world. In the next world, we are told, principle will come first. The will may become diseased, as in the case of Napoleon, in the individual; it may become diseased naturally, as was the case in Italy in the sixteenth century; and to a less, if little less extent in Spain. To profess God on our lips and deny Him in our hearts is one of the most fatal blights that can fall on character, be it individual or national. There is, then, will in disease and will in health; the first productive of evil—"Woe unto those by whom offences come;" the other the spirit which moves the individual to efforts which in time enable him to attain success—often to become the benefactor of his species.

CONCLUSION.

THE perusal of the foregoing chapters will tell us the range of will, its limits, and where it ends. It cannot do everything, albeit it can do much. In conjunction with other qualities, it occupies the position of the engine in the steam-ship. Will-power is one of the greatest natural endowments—as it is one of the finest outcomes of self-culture.

The man who succeeds in climbing step by step, finds his will-power expanding with his energies, with the demands upon him; if not, his limit is sooner or later reached. Whether a leader in parliament, a general, or an employer of labor, the will must dominate colleagues and subordinates alike, else supremacy is forbidden. There is a will to rule, and when opposition or conflict has to be met, "Oh, well for him whose will is strong!"

Strength of will is gameness—the power to "stay." Englishmen have always prided themselves on their game qualities: whether the tenacity of their bull-dogs, the endurance of their race-horses, the unflinching cour-

age of their game-fowls, or their own indomitable purpose.

"Where there is a will there is a way." This way may be long hidden from sight, hard to find, thorny to travel, beset with quagmires or boulders, long and wearisome, seemingly endless; but on it the traveler goes with unshaken resolution—to success at last!

The will may not endow a man with talents or capacities; but it does one very important matter, it enables him to make the best, the very most of his powers—such as they are, and as such is worth systematic consideration. If this little book enables one single reader to plant his feet firmer in the ground, in fighting the battle of life, it will not have been written in vain.

FINIS.